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HOLCROFT's TRAVELS.

Travels from Hamburgh through Westphalia, Holland, and the Netherlands, to Paris. By THOMAS HOLCROFT. Two volumes quarto, with superb engravings, vignettes, &c. pp. 1010. Price 5l. 5s. or on larger paper, with the plates done up as an atlas, 8l. 8s. PHILLIPS, 1804.

MR. Holcroft, like his contemporary traveller, Kotzebue, though he commenced his travels in the north of Germany, explicitly informs us that his inquiries are principally confined to a strict examination into the manners and customs of the Parisians, and his observation that to “pourtray the influence of moral habits on a people is a work of utility,” will certainly not be disputed. This simple extract from his preface will sufficiently inform our readers of what the volumes consist; and judging from the well-known talents of Mr. Holcroft, as evinced in his various antecedent productions, they will naturally expect that the present work will abound in interesting information relative to the French capital, notwithstanding the extreme variety of matter professedly written with a similar view, with which we have of late been inundated. We shall proceed to shew that their expectations will not be disappointed.

During the space of two years he mingled with the people, and carefully studied their manners and habits: he contemplated them in their sports, their bargains, their disputes, their occupations, and various modes of living; he listened to their prattle, their mutual reproaches, and their sarcasms: and hence, his observations being founded on personal investigation, must be presumed both valuable and correct.

In a work of such extent, and embracing such a copious subject of inquiry, the insertion of much incidental and digressive matter is both proper and unavoidable; but it is scarcely necessary to add, that for us to follow the author through such digression would be neither justifiable nor compatible with our project. We shall, therefore, adopt a new method of analysing this superb work, by giving the interesting passages which it contains, divested of supererogatory remarks, and arranged under specific heads; reserving, however, the privilege of critics, and with an impartial freedom giving occasional strictures on the manner in which the author has performed his task.

In the first chapter we learn that Mr. Holcroft left Hamburgh, where he had resided some time with his wife and two children, early in the year 1801, and proceeded to Paris through Westphalia and Holland. He travelled in a passage-boat, at the

hazard of suffocation from the incessant smoke of tobacco, from Hamburg to Harburgh, with the people of which he seems by no means satisfied; particularly as an old man and a boy ridiculed him for wearing spectacles, under the impression that it was an instance of English foppery. He gives the following attractive account of a

GERMAN INN.

“ In the circle of Lower Saxony, a German inn is literally a barn, in which every animal takes up his abode, the hog not excepted. In Harburg they found it much better, but still it was a German inn.

“ It is no offence to a German landlord, to eat your own provisions, for he has seldom any to offer you. Bread and butter, with coffee, is the general beverage; very few houses have wine.” This, however, we are assured by several gentlemen of our acquaintance, is not applicable to most parts of Germany.—Mr. Holcroft may have met, on some occasions, with bad accommodation; but it should be remembered, that the parts through which he travelled are the most uncivilized of any in the empire. We have always understood that wine and coffee are the general *beverage* on the continent; but that *bread and butter* are so, is a discovery for which we are indebted to Mr. Holcroft. But this merely *en passant*, and as a proof of our determination to act with consistent impartiality.

DEPARTURE FOR BREMEN.

In the beginning of May, about seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Holcroft and his family set off from Harburg to Bremen, in one of the public vehicles, called a *stuhl-wagen*, seated with wooden benches, and exposed to every inclemency; a covered carriage is not to be had. Their fellow-travellers consisted of several gentlemen and ladies, old and young, well wrapped up in woollen, and provided with *snaps*, or spiritous liquors.

ACCOMMODATION AT AN ENGLISH INN AT BREMEN.

Upon Mr. Holcroft's arrival at Bremen, he found that the house to which he had been directed, was not absolutely English; the landlord was a good natured Hibernian; but there was civility, a parlour fire, tolerable wine, and an excellent supper. In Bremen our traveller found the streets were cleaner, wider, and more airy; the houses better built, and the whole better planned, than Hamburg; or, in his opinion, than Lubeck. The Prussians were here likewise, and he had left the Danes at Hamburg. Both places were greatly annoyed, and their trade much impeded. By these circum-

stances, all ranks felt themselves humbled. Mr. Holcroft remarks, that Bremen occupies nearly as much ground as Hamburgh; but its population, wealth, and commerce, are far inferior. He found the common people in the habit of being cheerful; they were well clothed, well paid, and well fed; but they hung their heads if any one spoke of the Prussians. Here our author found the statue of Roland, a fabulous giant, and supposed champion of the liberties of Bremen, standing in the market-place. The inhabitants admire his beauty, as may be seen in the works of the learned Professor *Christian Nikolaus Roller*; for Germany can boast of an army of professors, of whom no man has ever heard or read beyond the precincts of each district where they reside. In the city of Bremen, Mr. Holcroft was much charmed with the elegant appearance of a public pump or fountain: it was plain and unadorned, except that a pilgrim stood on its top, with his scrip and staff.

CURIOUS VAULT AND MUMMIES.

Mr. Holcroft visited a vault, under the cathedral of Bremen, where the roof, which was composed of lead, had been melted by lightning, and fell into the place. Since that period, it has continued so remarkably free from moisture, that certain dead bodies, which have been deposited there, have become a kind of mummies. Several stories bordering on the marvellous were related to him, respecting this wonderful vault; one of them was, that the hair of an English countess, who had been deposited there, was to be seen as perfect as on the day that she died. It was likewise told him, that birds were so perfectly preserved here, that the feathers did not fall off. These statements were all incorrect. However, he was convinced that the changes in this vault were remarkably slow, and different from those that usually happen to the dead. Our author left the vault and went into the church, where the chief thing he noticed, was the known costume of the Lutheran devil—a blue jacket. An English boy, Mr. Laue the innkeeper's son, attended him; he was a genuine believer in all the strange stories current among the populace of Bremen. He shewed our author a haunted house, which a daring English colonel had ventured to inhabit; but according to the boy he was soon glad to get away. Passing through the cloister, says our author, he pointed to a door which no key will open, and which people dare not break down. The reason was a very forcible one. In this place, troops of devils used formerly to play at dutch-pins, and made so hideous an uproar, that the priests were obliged to assemble in a body to quell, and barricade them up in a vault, the door of which, since this awful ceremony, no man has ventured to force. Mr. Holcroft ob-

serves, that he has no where seen churches kept with the same cleanliness or decorum as in England; in the cathedral of Bremen, noisy children were playing at hide-and-seek, and dirt and delapidation were in every corner.

TOWN HALL (IN BREMEN).

Our traveller next visited the town-hall. It is of the mixed architecture, and has been erected at a vast expence. It is loaded with ornaments, which, though vulgar, must have cost great labour. The lower part is laid out into shops, and over them is a large chamber, open to every body, and ornamented with the portraits of Noah, David, Solomon, and Jehosophat; Cato, Cæsar—and Cicero, &c.; as companions to these names of antiquity, are the portraits of a whale and a sword-fish. Round the benches, where the burgo-masters occasionally sit, is a heterogeneous mixture of ancient philosophers, saints, poets, fathers of the church, &c. dressed like monks and cardinals, as corpulent as cooks. These pictures, with the exception of two, are done in a very coarse style. Under the town-hall is a wine cellar, a luxury, which Mr. Holcroft believes, no city in Germany is without. However, he imagines, the vice of drunkenness is every where on the decline, and that in Germany as in France, the general excess is that of eating. By the side of the town-hall is the exchange, a more modern building; opposite to this is a coffee-house.

MUSEUM OF BREMEN.

The next day Mr. Holcroft obtained admission (and was very politely introduced) into the museum of Bremen, by a Mr. Tityens, one of its oldest members. It is a recent establishment, formed by private individuals, but in our author's opinion, not unworthy the notice, in some respects, of the most learned naturalist. He observes, that the manners of the people seemed to be orderly, sober, and unaffected, not refined—but honest and sincere. "A German male servant enters a lady's bed-room without the least ceremony, and if a stranger not accustomed to such boorish freedom take offence, the servant cannot understand the reason of this supposed ridiculous delicacy."

If this be true, we are convinced that it can only be customary in those parts of the country where the boors are, in point of civilization not far removed from savages. We will not, however, dispute his subsequent statement, that travellers are subject to many rude assaults, particularly from soldiers.

ANECDOTE OF AN ITINERANT VIRTUOSO.

While Mr. Holcroft resided at Altona, he heard a violin player

at a private concert, whose powers were such, that he executed the most difficult music, with uncommon taste and feeling. The poor man's misfortune was that of being half-mad; he could think of nothing but himself, and playing the fiddle—he drank brandy to excess,—and deeply felt the injustice that had been done to his talents, not knowing that his folly was the occasion of it. A Jew, who was a rival performer at Altona, had formed a party against him, although there was no parity of merit between them: but, alas! his madness made him so ridiculous, that poor genius had no chance. His name was *Scheller*; he had been first musician to the Duke of Wirtemberg, and was travelling to make his fortune. He had taken a benefit at the playhouse of Altona: our author, and a few of his friends bought tickets, and, to the great disappointment of *Scheller*, their small party formed a third of his audience. This poor violincello and his wife, were now our author's fellow travellers, though not in the same *stuhl-wagen*. Upon perceiving Mr. Holcroft, he ran up to him, and with his crazy gratitude, and German fondness, kissed him on both sides of the face, exclaiming, 'his dearest, best friend! a good, a worthy man! a true connoisseur.' Mr. Holcroft here observes, "an Englishman hates to be kissed by a man, yet he must have had no touch of human affections, who could suddenly and rudely have repulsed, poor wayward genius, thus becrazed, weather-beaten, and vagabond."

On arriving, after a very disagreeable journey, in Holland, Mr. Holcroft makes the following

OBSERVATIONS ON THE DUTCH CHARACTER.

"View, says he, the minuteness of his economy, the solicitude of his precaution, and the inflexibility of his methodical prudence! who would not pronounce him incapable of great enterprise! He builds himself a dwelling, it is a hut in size; it is a palace in neatness. It is necessarily situated among damps, upon a flat, and perhaps behind the banks of a sluggish canal, yet he writes upon it, 'My Delight.' 'Country pleasures,' 'Country prospect,' or some inscription that might characterize the vale of Tempe, or the garden of Eden. He cuts his trees into fantastical forms, hangs his awning round with small bells, and decorates his Sunday Jacket with dozens of little buttons. Too provident to waste his sweets, he cunningly puts a bit of sugar-candy in his mouth, and drinks his tea as it melts; one morsel serves, let him drink as long as he pleases."

DUTCH POLITENESS.

After passing through Groningen, our travellers met with a young man in a chaise, whom they supposed to be either a mer-

chant or a mercantile rider : he kept pace with them all day, till near the evening, when they saw his chaise no more. They had to take their passage from the Lemma to Amsterdam ; some of Mr. Holcroft's fellow travellers foretold, that this person was gone forward to secure the cabin for himself. If he be, said our author, he cannot occupy the whole, he will no doubt suffer these ladies to be his fellow-guests. They arrived at the Lemma about an hour previous to the boat's departure. They had conjectured right :—the cabin was secured. This little merchant, or great clerk, with all his importance, was standing picking his teeth at the inn door. He was asked to share the cabin with the ladies :—he refused. He did not choose to be incommoded. “Pride” says our author, “is an odious quality ; and selfishness is more odious ;—what are they when combined ? This man had dined with us on the road, and had once or twice endeavoured to be polite, but it was the endeavour of a being who wished to be something, and feared he was nothing.”

ZUIDER ZEE.

On entering the Zuider Zee, the wind not being favourable, they had an opportunity of enjoying views of the coasts. Nothing like a high land could be seen ; every thing was horizontal. The sea on which they sailed was so shallow, that the vessels which navigate it, are obliged to be provided with a kind of side wings, which descending below the keel, give timely notice of dragging.

Mr. Holcroft could not conceive how such shallows could be navigated by men of war, as is the fact, and on inquiry, was informed, that they were obliged to take advantage of spring-tides, and that the ingenious Dutch had found out a method of floating them, by the aid of a kind of side barges. Every where the sea appeared to threaten the shore, and every where, human industry had bidden the sea defiance. As they approached Amsterdam, the piles and embankments, by their vastness and multitude, had an extraordinary effect. It was built upon spongy mud. Our author thinks, that industry herself, when she began her undertakings amid these swamps, must have been thought a lunatic.

NOVELTIES AT AMSTERDAM.

Amongst the curiosities of Amsterdam we learn that it is not uncommon to see a coach without wheels, dragged on a sledge, by a single horse, and a haberdasher's shop upon wheels rolled through the streets by its master. The famous *tree of liberty* before the Stadt-house, he found to be a tri-coloured barber's pole, with some faded branches fastened on the top.

At a respectable inn kept by a Swiss, Mr. Holcroft heard the following curious anecdote of a

FRENCH SWINDLER.

“ A Frenchman went to a rich Jew, and told him he wished to exchange a number of dollars for louis d'ors, which he was under the necessity of immediately procuring. After bargaining, the Jew promised the gold should be ready next day. At the time appointed, the Frenchman came with his bags, which having holes near the top, suffered some dollars to be seen. The gold being counted and weighed, it was put into a bag. Just at the moment, when the dollars were to be examined, a friend entered and called him away. However, he left the two bags supposed to contain the gold and the dollars, saying, he would return in two hours to see them counted; in the meantime desiring the Jew to lock them up in his bureau.

“ Two hours elapsed, and the Frenchman did not return. Another hour having glided away, the Jew began to think it was possible he had been cheated. He immediately untied the supposed bag of gold, and discovered that it had been exchanged for one which was full of leaden counters. He opened the bag of silver, and found himself equally deceived. The Jew acquainted the police, and though the Frenchman had post horses prepared, and had instantly taken flight, yet owing to some imprudent delay, and the vigilance of the pursuit, he was overtaken, and brought back a prisoner.

“ During his imprisonment at Amsterdam, by the aid of burning turf and straw, he drew the siege of Mantua on the walls, with Buonaparte on horseback, heading the French armies. While the executioner was whipping him, he spoke of the magistrates in the most contemptuous terms. ‘ What,’ said he, ‘ is my crime compared to theirs? I have but cheated a Jew, a vile fellow, who has become rich by cheating, while the wretches who condemn me to this ignominious punishment, have betrayed and sold their country.’ He was afterward branded, and at the moment of inflicting the mark, he cried aloud, *Vive la Republique!*”

TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF AMSTERDAM.

Six hundred years ago, no traces of Amsterdam were to be seen. Its square contents now consist of eighteen thousand seven hundred and ninety geometrical feet. It is said to be larger than Haerlem, Leyden, Delft, Rotterdam, and Dordrecht, inclusively. So watery is its situation, that it is built upon eighty-two islands, which communicate with each other by the aid of nearly three hundred bridges. Many of the streets are uncom-

monly spacious ; our author was told that some are upward of a hundred and forty feet in width. They are clean and well paved. A canal runs in the middle of each street with a few exceptions, on which every kind of merchandize and effects are usually transported by water.

The number of inhabitants are estimated at from two hundred and thirty, to two hundred and fifty thousand. Says our author, " enter a Dutch inn, and you will see the landlady with her cap in small plaits, her keys numbered at her side, and a worked purse under her apron, with three partitions, for gold, silver, and small coins ; go into her kitchen, and you are surprized at the order, neatness, and cleanliness, of its contents : cast your eye upwards, and you smile at a row of chamber utensils, hanging over her clean dishes, bright copper pots, and unsoiled sauce-pans ; it is a combination which could only have been made by a Dutch woman. Neatness is every where to be met with in Holland, but seldom taste."

After some remarks on the general religious toleration which prevails at Amsterdam, he gives the following legendary anecdote of a

MIRACULOUS CHAPEL.

" About the year 1345, a sick woman received the sacrament, her stomach rejected the wafer, which fell into the fire, and remained there some time unconsumed. This miraculous event obliged the rector to go to her house in procession, accompanied by all the Ecclesiastics of the city, who published the miracle, and bore this consecrated host in pomp to the parish church, where a box was prepared for its conservation, on the place where the house stood, in which the miracle happened, a chapel was built, and on the very spot of the fire place, an altar was erected. Notwithstanding an inundation of the city, not a drop of water approached this holy place. Fire, however, was less respectful of its sanctity, for in 1452, it was burnt down, but being rebuilt, miracles were performed as successfully as ever. Six magnificent altars were erected here, to which devout pilgrims from all parts repaired. The coffer in which this wafer was formerly preserved, has several wafers painted on its front, before one of which, are two kneeling angels ; each of these wafers represented a god ; but only one of the gods could work miracles. This miraculous gift it had acquired in the disordered entrails of a sick woman."

Amongst some incidental remarks on Rotterdam, our traveller expresses how much he was surprised, being among the cleanly Hollanders, to find the closet of Clôacina in the kitchen ; which is a common practice. He was, however, soon *refreshed* (where ? —in the *closet* !), and made a philosophising excursion through

the streets; after which he set off for the Hague. At this city the following is the

COSTUME OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

“ Broad pewter and silver buckles; large and small buttons, both in excess, and both of ancient usage; some with short vests, and others with coats down to their heels, each of them sitting close, and shewing the waist; projecting hips, the men wearing eight or ten pair of breeches; the women at least as many petticoats; stockings of various colours, not excepting purple, red, and yellow; peasant girls in short jackets, with their gold ornaments, and rich Brussel’s lace, tobacco pipes, various in their form and size; and countenances with a frequent tinge of the livid: These are a few of the many marks, which catch the stranger’s eye, and characterize the people.”

REMARKABLE FEUDAL RIGHT.

“ Mr. Murray, a gentleman with whom our traveller met, speaking of the abolishment of feudal rights, mentioned one that was very remarkable. During the lying-in of the lady of the manor, the vassals were obliged to silence all the frogs: If the latter croaked, the former were fined and punished.”

CHURCH OF THE DOMINICANS.

At Antwerp our travellers inspected a church that formerly belonged to this order. Their guide opened an inner gate, and led them through several aisles, until they arrived among legendary saints, martyrs, prophets, and evangelists, each sculptured in stone, and labelled. Here they saw the cock that crowed to St. Peter; Christ crucified, rods of iron painted red to represent streams of blood issuing from his wounds, and falling into the hands of Mary, who stood in coloured stone; all the figures of Mount Calvary, Moses, David, angels, a dragon, a dog with a bone, St. Peter treading on him, hell carved in wood, and painted flame colour; the damned grinning in horrible caricature; Christ in all the gradations of the cross; the grave, and the resurrection; candle sockets in abundance to illuminate purgatory; every object, the trivial, the despicable, and the grand; all that can work upon the imagination, to terrify, bewilder, and leave it in stupid amazement, seem there to be collected. Mr. Holcroft never before was so forcibly struck with the practice and arts of the Catholic Religion.

Their guide was a Catholic; he took off his hat, and approached the place with a superstitious awe. He assured them that every thing they beheld was the very truth, for a Dominican friar had made a journey to Mount Calvary in the Holy Land, that nothing might possibly be omitted or mistaken. Mr. Hol-

croft thinks it probable this city once made agriculture flourish, so he imagines from appearances : agriculture now supports the city, and prevents it from falling into total decay.

REMARKS ON SOME EMIGRANT PASSENGERS.

They travelled hence in the diligence, which was full, and contained no less than fifteen passengers, the greatest number of whom were emigrant priests, old and worn by misfortune. When they approached a fortified place, they alighted and passed the gates as inhabitants. Their discourse among themselves proved they were afraid of being stopped. They had acquired new habits and modes of thinking ; some of them spoke like men of the world ; others gave proof of the bitterness of their resentment at the hardships they had suffered, and hoped that the time of redress and revenge was at no great distance. Two of these persons in particular, caught the attention of our travellers : An old priest was so feeble and ill that they thought him dying. Another, of nearly the same age, had undertaken to be his conductor. The passengers were in continual apprehension that the shaking of the carriage, and the fatigue of the journey, would make the sick person expire before their eyes. He who had undertaken the care of the sick man, took the first opportunity to desert sitting by his side, and to obtain another seat. He held his hat askance, and turned up the white of his eyes, repeating over and over his *ave-maria*, and other automatical mummeries. Nothing but folly and fanaticism could be read in the motion of his lips and the rolling of his eyes. The narrowness and nature of his faculties were stamped in his physiognomy. I doubt, says our author, if I ever beheld a face so actively insignificant. The roads of Flanders, to a certain distance on each side of Antwerp, were good ; but as they proceeded, the change was generally from indifferent to bad in the extreme.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

Our travellers were highly delighted in viewing the state of the country through which they were passing. Every species of agriculture common to the place was in high perfection. Few fields were without men, women, and children at work in them ; frequent streams of water, and the face of the country in general well wooded. They saw many niches by the road side, in which images of the Virgin had been placed. They were all now removed.

MENDICITY.

Our travellers were frequently accosted on this road by beggar girls and boys, who came up to the carriage with a peculiar song, and continued to run by their side, sometimes not less than a

mile. Till now the beggars of Ireland and England had been the most importunate of any our author had ever encountered, but he never met with any that in the least degree could compare with those beggars of the Netherlands. He observes, they not only continued their Flemish whine, but clapped their hands, gave an occasional cry in chorus, tumbled, rolled themselves head over heels along the road, and played various anticks to force attention.

BRUSSELS.

As our travellers passed along, they occasionally saw some very rich and elegant country-seats. The best buildings of England, some very few excepted, are scarcely equal to those mansions or palaces near Brussels. The approach to this city from Antwerp is uncommonly fine. Of Brussels itself our author can give little account, as he entered it late, and left it early. It had the appearance of life, population, and good humour. Provisions, he was informed, were there remarkably cheap. The chief incident of the place Mr. Holcroft relates, was the supper of the sick man and his pious friend. They were seated in a back room, with several dishes before them, fish, lobster sauce, melted butter, ragouts, &c. and both of them feeding with an appetite which an alderman might have envied. He concludes this might be the nature of the man's disease; but as far as eating was concerned, his friend in health had the same malady.

"From the time that our travellers had left the heaths of Oldenburgh, until they arrived at Brussels, the change of the scenery of the country, and the ease of travelling, had afforded increasing pleasure. They hoped at Brussels the worst of the way had been passed, but they were deceived. From Brussels to Arras the shakes were violent, and the ruts occasionally dangerous."

TOURNAY.

From Brussels to Lille, the face of the country continued uncommonly fine. When our travellers passed the town of Malines, between Antwerp and Brussels, it appeared cheerful, abounded in shops, and had every symptom of industry and wealth. At Tournay the picture was the reverse, the streets solitary, houses and fortifications in ruin; the poor ragged, and every token of decay. It was near this city, that the British and allied forces, under the command of the Duke of York, aided by the peculiar bravery of the regiment of Kaunitz, sustained an attack of 30,000 French, planned and directed by Pichegru, and repulsed them to their great loss.

SWINDLING ANECDOTE.

At Brussels our author had taken place in a diligence for

Paris ; they were to have a night's sleep at Lille ; they went early to bed, and gave repeated instructions to be called at the hour of departure, which was five in the morning. Mr. Holcroft rose at half past four, surprised that the call had not been given. He heard a diligence preparing in the yard, went out and inquired, and was told he might sleep an hour longer, for they should not go so soon as was expected. Between five and six he made fresh inquiries, and was then informed that the diligence was gone ! Astonished at such a trick, he called for the master of the inn ; he was not to be found ; the mistress was not up ; the book-keeper could give no account ; it was neither his business nor his fault. Our author's next resource was to wait with patience till he could see the landlady ; she denied there was any harm done ; she had more words than he had arguments. However, when she saw him determined to make further inquiries, she sent for a partner of the concern, who resided at Lille ; our traveller saw this partner : his conduct was more prevaricating, mean, and full of falsehood, than all he had heard ; he declared upon his honour that the diligence for Paris had not departed that day, that one of the wheels had been broken, and to convince him of the truth of all this, he requested him to walk with him, and see the carriage that was now repairing. Notwithstanding all this, the diligence had gone as usual. This specious proprietor convinced Mr. Holcroft of his true character next morning, by obliging him to pay the whole fare from Brussels to Paris, although he had the coach-office receipt of Brussels for having paid a part.

CENTRAL SCHOOL AT LILLE.

At Lille our traveller inquired what was to be seen ? and *l'Ecole Centrale* was the first thing mentioned. They went thither, and found it established in a convent which had lately belonged to the order of the *Recollets*. The *Concierge* was not at home, but his son, a dirty boy, informed them he could shew all the curiosities, which were many indeed ! The room for the class that studied design ; the room for the mathematical and physical classes ; the botanic garden ; the amphitheatre ; and the picture gallery. He had learned to parrot sounding phrases. He led them through buildings that were wholly in ruins. Here the windows were taken out, there the walls broken down, and further in, the passage was almost impassable, because of the rubbish. They came first to the room where the class of design pursued their studies, and found in it little that could promote the art, except prints, and a few drawings, many of them trifling and contemptible. They proceeded to the mathematical and physical class, and the picture gallery : the barrenness was the

same. In fine, after having examined what was called the botanic garden, and the amphitheatre, our author thought their trouble ill repaid. There is, he observes, one consolation: a central school, however feeble its beginnings, however narrow its resources, however great the neglect in which it may for a time be left, is better than a society of men secluded from the world, for the purpose of encouraging idleness, and perpetuating superstition.

EXTORTION.

None of the company would sup at the inn but Mr. Holcroft and family; the consequence was, they had only a bit of fish and some trifling ragout brought to the table; but they were charged three livres a-head. Mr. Holcroft complained, and the girl replied, 'What could three expect?' there being only three of them; 'had all the travellers supped, the table would have been well served.' Mr. Holcroft thought the answer equally foolish and impertinent. The price was sufficient for an elegant supper.

CATHEDRAL OF AMIENS.

Mr. Holcroft visited the cathedral at this place: he found the doors open, and was much pleased with this noble edifice. It is said to be the finest Gothic cathedral in France. It had a light and elegant appearance, excepting the mixtures of ill assorted ornaments, such as marbles, black, white, and gilded, &c. Our author supposes the relics were gone; among them was the undoubted head of John the Baptist, and the less indubitable finger with which St. Thomas probed the side of Christ. He observes, some holy father will perhaps recover such inestimable treasures, as there is a chance that miracles may again come in fashion.

CHANTILLY.

Our author was highly delighted with the beautiful landscapes that caught the eye of the vicinity of Clermont. They were truly worthy of the lover of nature, the painter, and the poet. As they approached Chantilly, the seat of the Great Conde! Mr. Holcroft found it difficult to describe his sensations; formerly when he passed the road that led through the park, partridges were too numerous to be counted, hares scudded the path like tame rabbits; every species of game lived there secure in luxury; no gun was pointed, no stone hurled, nor shout heard; nothing to disturb. The chateau was then in all its splendour, the very stables were a tale of wonder. To the emigrants who hope for the speedy restitution of the ancient order of things, our author addresses the following words: Poor exile, wounded and sick of soul! charity never will insult thy hopes. To thee she will for-

bear to whisper how vain they are; how impossible to realise. Surely it is sufficient, that disappointment should be thy handmaid through life, and despair thy conductress to the grave.

ARRIVAL AT PARIS.

At length our travellers reached the French capital. It was dark before they reached St. Dennis. Here he had seen some gold, jewels, and relics, which fraud had affirmed were holy, and which superstition, ignorance, and stupidity adored. The relics were gone, and few regretted; and gold and jewels also, and none to account for them. They had fallen a prey to revolutionary cupidity.

FRENCH INNS.

La Rue Bouloi is in the centre of Paris, and to that they were driven. Mr. Holcroft speaks in terms of the highest admiration, of the superior conveniences to be found in an English inn, when compared with those of France. He then relates the following anecdote, which shews the self-complacency of the Parisians. ‘*Qui n’a pas vue Paris n’a rien vue.*’—He that has not seen Paris, has seen nothing! So said M. du Hautpas, speaking in the triumph of his heart as he approached his window, in the *Cul-de-sar Babillardes*, to take in the chemise his wife had hung out to dry.

Mr. Holcroft, dissatisfied at the neglect he experienced, demanded beds; on which the following dialogue took place—

“ Oh, ho! Sir, you want beds! Had we known that!”

* * * * *

“ You shall have beds immediately, Sir!

‘ Are they good?’

“ Paris has none better.”

‘ Then they are the best in the world.’

“ No doubt they are, Sir.”

‘ I am glad of it, we shall sleep royally.’

“ Pardon me, Sir, that cannot be, nobody sleeps royally in France. Had you come before the Revolution.”

‘ Ah, ha, you love your joke.”

* * * * *

“ Up stairs ladies, at the farther end of this passage. The apartments are superb! There is room you see, Sir, in this, for the bed and a chair; and the other is large enough to hold your night-bag and band-box.”

‘ True, true, superb, but where are the sheets?’

“ I will bring them directly.”

‘ Why does not your wife come with them.’

“ I always spare my wife that trouble.”

‘ Right again, no husband on earth so civil as the French.’

“ My wife sweeps the yard ; I sweep the rooms.”

‘ Indeed! your conjugal politeness is greater than I imagined.’

“ Each to his office, you know, Sir.”

The dialogue continued much in the same style, for some time, when the man, to shew his self-sufficiency, told our author that he knew all that he wanted.

‘ You who so sagaciously know all I want, bring me a boot-jack”

“ The boot-jack is lost, but I will try to find it.’

Our author on this observes, that when a man is among a people that have no faults, it will be wiser for him to cut his boots from his legs than to be out of temper. He who comes to a city ignorant of its customs, but loaded with the superiority of the land he has left, inflated with his own importance, and thinking himself the representative of his nation, and the abstract of its wisdom, and denouncing every shade of difference as a mark of stupidity; such a man is to be pitied, and his nation is in danger of being disgraced.

PALAIS ROYAL.

Mr. Holcroft was in the vicinity of the *Palais du Tribunat*, which is again returning to its former appellation, the *Palais Royal*. Like an Irish gentleman of his acquaintance, he had formerly seen these buildings before they were erected; he had since heard of their coffee-houses, and to one of them he went to breakfast. As he passed through the streets, he saw many things to notice, but the single sensation that predominated over the rest, was that of motion. Things passed, with the quickness of shadows before his eyes. The life and bustle of the French, contrasted with the slow movements of the Germans, was impressive.

OBJECT OF MR H'S. VISIT TO PARIS.

Mr. Holcroft's design in visiting Paris, was to make himself as well acquainted with that vast and multifarious city, as his time, means, and faculties would allow. To study the manners it was necessary to domesticate with the inhabitants. To see the national curiosities, visit the museums, and frequent theatres, it was desirable to reside as near the centre as possible. Economy was another part of the plan. He professes himself an enemy to bargain; it is, says he, to depreciate, to invent faults, to speak unknown truths, to be suspicious, and to be suspected. It is an art well understood in Paris. He who travels must learn to bargain, or he will be both cheated and laughed at.

LODGINGS.

In search of a lodging they were obliged to turn up and down many a street, and many a dark dirty stair-case, before it could be found; one at length was discovered, terms agreed on, and their trunks conveyed to the place; yet, because there was no earnest given, the parties had a right to renounce the bargain, and consequently they were again obliged to dislodge. Their search was again to begin. Madam du P. is a *latiere*, or *milk woman*, in *la Rue Honore*. Madam du P. had superb apartments to let. Mr. Holcroft observes, that crevices in doors, windows, patched with paper, decayed walls, and dirty floors and stair-cases, do not present the same picture to a French as they do to an English imagination. They found in Madame du P.'s apartments, arm chairs with cushions, settees, sofas, the pink coverings all of flowered satin, scarlet hangings and curtains that corresponded with a balcony that looked into a dirty cow-house, and a stair-case as dark as a Cimerian den. They were weary of search, and once more concluded a bargain. Our author was cautious, and gave earnest. It was well he did, or he must have a third time sought for lodgings. An officer had been several times to see these lodgings, and could not decide whether he did or did not like them. He returned soon after they were let, his doubts instantly vanished, he would give fifty livres a month more than Mr. Holcroft, the officer finding he could not have the first floor, took the second. "Those things only are precious, that are beyond our reach; the wisdom to enjoy that which we possess, neither man nor woman has yet attained."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Our author lived at No. 18, the second *great gate* on the right, eastward from *la Rue Florentin*; opposite to his window was a building of only a ground floor, and a first-story, in which lived—Robespierre! At a small distance westward, is the beginning of the *Boulevards*. Here stands a modern ruin called *la Madeleine*. The eye is struck with a grand colonnade of lofty unornished pillars, in an unfinished state. It was intended for a church, and is erected on a scite, where formerly stood the church of *la Ville l'Eveque*. It contains the bones of many miserable victims. Our author regrets that it has ever been the policy of France, to smother in silence those events that might be construed reproachful to the nation or its rulers; so that no authentic document of the tragical story here alluded to at the time, was publicly permitted. At present, says he, I shall only say, these victims were trodden to death at the marriage of the Dauphin, afterward Louis XVI.; that the dead

bodies were brought to this place, as the nearest and most convenient consecrated ground, and that after this unfortunate prince was beheaded, he was interred among his predecessors, under the pretext that it was an expiatory offering to their manes. Opposite to these pillars is *la Rue de la Concorde*, leading to the grand place of the same name. It is short, but spacious and well built.

PRESENT USE OF ANCIENT BUILDINGS.

Eastward from our author's lodging was *la Place Vendome*; beyond that, the famous monastery called the *Hall of the Jacobins*. Passing the church and monastery of the Capuchins eighteen years ago, Mr. Holcroft remembers the deep and sonorous voices of the fathers, chanting their mass. He then grieved that they could give such dignity to delusion. The church and monastery are become the barracks of soldiers, and he now grieves that such violence has been done to men whose errors patience ought to have reasoned with, till they should have been reformed. *Les Feuillans*, another celebrated monastery, is now devoted to the military. To the east of this monastery stands a large dome, which still remains an ornament to this quarter of Paris. Previous to the Revolution, it was the property of the *Les Filles de l'Assomption*. Our author adds, it is now become a granary and a hay-loft for the troops that regulate the religion and the liberty of France. These are a few of the principal buildings in the neighbourhood.

On the conduct of foreigners in general, who come to view Paris, Mr. Holcroft is very severe. The faces he endeavoured to study appeared to him as unconscious of the almost miraculous events which has happened, as if they had never taken place. Their thoughts, if they had any, were known to themselves. He had listened to their conversation, but never heard a question of this nature that they asked, or an enquiry that they made. Says he, to them it seemed indifferent, whether a certain plot of ground contained a monastery or a market; or whether the walls resounded with the *canto fermo* of monks, or the neighing of horses.

It was a subject of no small satisfaction to him, that he had twice visited France before the Revolution: having resided in Paris a considerable time, it enabled him to study the people, and make memorandums of many former appearances and incidents.

When in the year 1783 he first landed at Calais, he felt sensations of the greatest surprize: he had only crossed the *narrow ditch*, but found the scene as totally changed, as if he had tra-

velled to Thibet. It was no longer the same landscape; the same people or language; the same dress, voices, nor manners. He expressed his admiration, sometimes by laughter, sometimes by gazing, and sometimes by regret. He was astonished to see girls in coarse striped jackets, blue petticoats, naked legs, and wooden shoes. They talked loud and laughed, without any apparent sign of bashfulness. He also saw two barefooted friars walking; here follows the description of a singular character: he was of diminutive size, wore a grey silk coat, coarse green stockings, dirty shoes, an arm hat, a muff, a bag, a sword, and a solitaire; his nose was short, broad, and turned up; his forehead low, his complexion sallow; his beard and brow black, his mouth wide, his eyes sunken, piercing, and small. When our author beheld this figure he burst into laughter; but recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "impertinent untutored blockhead! what knew I of this man's real worth?"

On his arrival at Paris, objects crowded too fast for the eye to measure, or memory to retain. The diminutive caricature of Calais was every where. He crossed him at every turning. He had imagined the monks were all shut up in cells, and was amazed to see them in black, white, and grey, walking through the streets. He likewise gives us an ample detail of the dresses of the abbès; their dresses, including stockings, were as varied as the colour of the rainbow; some were spruce, nay elegant, but the greater number were motly. In France, but especially in Paris, the women's dress was loose, and seldom either neat or clean. Their looks were bold, and their step short. The general dress was a jacket and petticoat, and the apron-string tight, so as to divide the overhanging waist.

"The revolutionary spirit," says Mr. H. "has pervaded every department of life. Monks and the prim race of abbès have disappeared. People of fashion are either dressed *a la militaire*, or so like the English, that they seem almost the same. The French are chiefly distinguished from the English by difference of deportment, of physiognomy, and by large locks of hair on each cheek."

UNCLEANLINESS OF THE PARISIANS.

The propensity of the lower orders to slovenliness, has not been entirely corrected by the Revolution. Well dressed men are very few. He thinks it no way strange that the phlegmatic German, who sits, walks, or works with his pipe in his mouth, should be careless concerning his appearance, but that the mass of a nation with so much vanity and vivacity as the French, who boast of giving the *ton* to all Europe, should be slovenly, is astonishing. Pantaloon once put on, are never changed till

they are worn out. Dirty linen, a great coat also worn while it will last, an old hat, uncombed hair, fierce whiskers, and a coarse coloured linen handkerchief, tied over the chin; such figures are often to be met with even in coffee-houses. Hundreds like these, we are assured by our intelligent observer, exhibit themselves in all public places of free admission, walk the Palais-Royal, and fill the billiard rooms. The following observations on the

FRENCH CHARACTER,

are just and interesting. "The French character is enterprising, forward, impelled by curiosity, not easily repulsed, and with little of that shyness, which in the English is sometimes pride, and sometimes a foolish feeling of shame, but often likewise a decent sense of propriety. It appears, as if a Frenchman imagines, he has only to shew himself to be admired. If he publicly write, speak, or act, he assumes importance. Would he permit his numerous good qualities to act unaffectedly, and without ostentation, he would indeed be admirable! But he hides the real worth of his character, which is often great, by his open and extravagant claims to superiority; and, when he happens to have less than a common share of understanding, sometimes his ludicrous impertinence almost levels him with the ape."

HOUSES, WALKS, &c. IN PARIS.

On his first arrival at Paris, our author was eager to walk the streets, to gratify his curiosity by observing the houses, reading the bills posted on the walls, the inscriptions painted on signs, &c. He informs us, that the houses of Paris are all either of stone, or faced with mortar, so as to resemble stone. They are usually five, six, or more stories from the ground, and the principal stories are all lofty. They are of a dirty grey colour, and the ground floor is often guarded by large iron bars, so as to resemble a prison. The streets are generally long and narrow; those where the hôtels of the wealthy have been built, have but few passengers. Grand hôtels have spacious court-yards; on one side of inferior ones, is a small, and generally dirty dwelling-place for the person who attends the gate. He is mostly of some sedentary profession, and is the guardian of the premises. The words "*parlez au portier*" are written over his lodge. The silence, length, and narrowness of the streets, with the great height of the houses, massy gates, and little folding windows, obscured with dirt, produce rather an unpleasing effect. Instead of a gay, they form a gloomy vista.

Before the peace, lodgings, even in a fashionable quarter of

the city, were remarkably cheap. Since that time, the influx of strangers has made them remarkably dear. In contrasting the different parts of Paris, the effects were great. If coming from London, you enter by the fauxbourg St. Dennis, the appearance is pleasing; yet this fauxbourg does not exceed those of St. Marcel and St. Antoine; in all of them, meanness, filth, and poverty predominate. If, on the contrary, you enter this metropolis coming from Versailles or *St. German en Laye*, you are astonished at this first view of its magnificence. The barrier of Chaillot is but a toll-gate, where cattle and provisions are taxed, yet it is a superb building. The grandeur of a view from this eminence, is described by Mr. Holcroft in the following language.

The objects of which it is formed, are individually, perhaps, liable to censure; yet they form a very extraordinary whole. It is one scene of a vast expanse of foliage, formed by the innumerable and majestic trees of the Elysian Fields, and the gardens of the Thuilleries, intermingled with palaces, the bridges, and the waters of the Seine, and completed by the city itself in perspective, and the lofty towers, spires, and domes, by which it is overlooked. The man that should desire to enjoy a fine dream, a beatic vision of Paris, should come to this height, and look before him for half an hour, then descend through the garden of the Thuilleries, and having seen the *façade* of the palace, return without proceeding one step further. It would be food for imagination, remembrance, and regret through life. He would everlastingly proclaim Paris the most astonishing of cities, the most splendid of the works of man, and undoubtedly the metropolis of the world.

The river Seine divides Paris into north and south: it runs nearly due west. On the north stand the chief theatres; the Thuilleries; the Louvre; and *le Palais du Tribunat*, formerly the *Palais-Royal*; the Luxembourg Palace; the Palace of Justice; the Pantheon; the Mint; Cardinal Mazarin's College, called *les Quatre Nations*; the Invalids; the *Champ de Mars*; with *l'Ecole Militaire*; and the Bourbon Palace, now called the Palace of the Legislative Body; with many more, are on the south. In summer, the Seine is far from majestic. In winter, however, the rains descend; which, with the inland waters, gradually increase its stream to such a height, that it sometimes overflows, and inundates all the lower parts of the city. To prevent this, many stone embankments have been made, yet there are neglected places at which the waters escape. Mr. Holcroft supposes this occasional overflowing of the Seine, has been the cause of the distance at which the houses on each side of its banks are built. This he considers as the greatest beauty

the city of Paris presents. Of the two principal points of view, from which this prospect affords the greatest pleasure, one of them is *le Pont Neuf*. From the west side of this bridge, looking down the stream, the spectator sees before him the magnificence of various buildings, palaces and gardens, boats and bridges, which present a most captivating scene.

The other is *le Pont du Tuileries*. Looking eastward, the view is also grand. The piles of buildings that lead to the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, with their spires and turrets, fill up the back ground. It is the amplitude of space, the massiveness of the architecture, and the busy activity of men, which surprise and delight the spectator.

After examining what he calls the physiognomy of Paris, and taking a splendid profile, our author turns to survey it on the reverse. One of the means by which barbarous nations guarded themselves from attack, was by immuring themselves in cities, the houses of which occupied as little space as possible, and the streets were constructed so narrow, that by defending the entrance of one, they defended the entrance of many; every comfort was sacrificed to safety. That quarter of Paris, properly called *la Cite*, is built on an island, formed by the Seine branching itself into two streams, and uniting again at the *Pont Neuf*. The streets, or rather alleys, are so narrow, that our author doubts, whether two wheelbarrows could pass. These extremely narrow streets are few.

After having been to look at the *Palais Soubise*, which is immured by narrow streets, and in decay, Mr. Holcroft, in coming down *la Rue de Chaume*, was met by a cart: the passage was so narrow, that he and some other people were obliged to turn back till they could find doorways, under which to stand till the cart had passed.

Even the thoroughfares of Paris are extremely dangerous to foot passengers: there is no foot pavement, and the only guard against carriages are large stones placed at certain distances, but close to the wall. The first time our author was at Paris, not sufficiently aware of this danger, coming from the Italian theatre, down *la Rue de la Loi*, he was suddenly snatched aside by a French gentleman who was with him, and who probably saved his life. There was a coach at his heels, and he should infallibly have been run over.

Mr. Holcroft makes some very just remarks on the ignorance of the lower classes, previous to the revolution: few of them could read or write; and in all the public streets of Paris, you frequently read *Bureau d'Ecrivain*:—Writing Office. At these, letters, petitions, and memorials, were either composed or transcribed. The style of the writers mentioned was frequently

ridiculous, and their orthography often false. Since the revolution, these writers exhibit fewer signs of vanity and stupidity. The effects of the law, which was made during the revolution, to produce this reform, have been uncommonly salutary.

In detailing several ludicrous orthographical mistakes, arising from this state of ignorance, he cites the following anecdote:—
 “A lady invited a gentleman to her house one evening, and being there, he very obligingly carved for all the company. Seeing him do nothing else, the lady at length asked him why he did not eat? ‘That, madam,’ said he, ‘is not my office, you only invited me to carve.’ The lady’s note was produced, and instead of *Monsieur est invité de venir souper*, the words were *Monsieur est invité de venir couper*. The c with a cidilla, ç, has the sound of s, and the verb is *to cut*; this occasioned the lady’s mistake.” Mr. Holcroft observes, in England such a joke would have been an affront, never to be forgiven. In France, it was something to laugh at, and it is polite never to take offence at a joke.

IMPORTANCE OF POSTING BILLS.

The government of Paris exhibits on the walls its laws, decrees, regulations, and judiciary proceedings. All Europe may, if they think proper, read that which the First Consul decrees; but as almost every day produces a new decree, or some alteration of the old, no one attends to them. Our author justly says, to the eye nothing can be more public and undesigning; in fact, nothing can be more cautious, concealed, and artful. To be remembered, they ought to be few, and seldom changed.

A variety of the proceedings of their criminal and civil courts, are displayed in like manner; but it is scarcely possible to read them without a ladder and a magnifying glass, so small is the type in which they are printed.

A ludicrous law was lately decreed, and strictly enforced, that none but the posting-bills emanated by public authority, shall be printed upon white paper.

QUACKS.

Some anecdotes of these impostors are ludicrous; but as they have already been ably treated on by Kotzebue, we shall pass over them. The following substance of an harangue, however, is so descriptive of the French national character, that we shall transcribe it entire. The orator must be supposed elevated above the crowd, and thus addressing them:

“What and who are your enemies? You suppose them to be the English, the Austrians, or I know not who. No, citizens. You suppose them abroad. By G— I tell you no.

They are at home, they are in your entrails ; they are gnawing you, eating you, undermining you. The English ! Pshaw ! What can they do ? The little animals of great force that are feeding upon you, are neither more nor less than worms. Look you, do you see that citizen with a round belly ? Unfortunate man ! If you persist in not taking my pills, you are dead. In four and twenty hours I pronounce you dead. Here, take this small dose, only swallow it, and, in presence of this respectable company, I will make you cast up that which would kill an army."

FARTHER REMARKS ON PARIS.

Our author has no conception of any other place so contradictory to itself, as well in appearance, as in mind and manners, as Paris. In the face of these hotels, at the stalls, sheds, and shops, the most trifling wares are sold. Says he, " Here a Savoyard strings his packthread against the walls, and hangs up vile prints, slips of printed paper, with Grub-street wit, for the *Badauds*, or cockneys of Paris ; plans of the city, and whatever refuse of the shops he is able to collect ; he is considered a respectable trader."

Beside him sits a woman or man, it may be either, who patches up, and sells coarse night-caps, linen drawers, and foots, and mends stockings. His next neighbour is a conjuror, a distributor of lucky numbers ; he demands only two *sous*, and the first letter of your name, and though he be himself a wretch, who never made a good meal, or put on a new coat in his life, he will tell you immediately how to get rich.

Mr. Holcroft continues the catalogue by adding to it the following description :—Stalls of dirty books ; tressels with toys ; sellers of cakes and canes, fan-menders, bead-stringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and show-booths ; fellows displaying tricks of legerdemain ; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink ; orators parroting over two-penny systems of geology, and the order of the universe ; teachers of secrets that will enable the buyer to cut glass under water, sketch landscapes upon eggs-shells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins, and dusting it with lamp black. These, intermingled with the display of milliners, linen drapers, print sellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue two miles in length, spacious, enlivened as I have said with carriages, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens, and hotels, with the gates, or rather the triumphal arches of St. Dennis and St. Martin ; the structure that was the opera-house there, and thousands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them together, will

form a something that he may imagine to be the *Boulevards* of Paris.

BOULEVARDS DU TEMPLE.

A French gentleman told our author, that the whole of the coffee-houses, billiard-tables, and dancing-gardens, &c. on the *Boulevards*, amounted to one hundred and twenty, or perhaps thirty. Notwithstanding of his being a well informed person, the number appeared to him exaggerated. However, in the neighbourhood of the above mentioned theatres, they are very numerous. Bands of music playing, nightly illuminations, balls, and fire-works, are here very common.

This place is also frequented by showmen of every kind. Here may be seen *les Ombres Chinoises*, by the well known *Seraphin*. Wax figures, in which every king in Christendom may look for his likeness. *Les grands Voleurs*, where are the pretended portraits of *Cartouche*, *Mandrin*, *Nivet*, and the whole suit of worthies, who have so peculiarly distinguished themselves in France, by sacrilege, murders the most wanton and the most horrible, and atrocities such as the very image of makes the soul revolt.

CUSTOM IN THE BOULEVARDS.

In addition to the many animating features of the *Boulevards*, it is a common practice among the Parisians, here as well as in other gardens of the like kind, to seat themselves in rows, and remain sometimes the whole evening conversing together. Every thing in Paris is authorized or prohibited by government, even to the hiring of old chairs. There are people who hire these chairs at two *sous* a couple, it being genteel to sit upon one, and to loll or lay your legs upon the other.

Many parts of the *Boulevards* are lined with these rows of conversers or babblers. As the evening declines, this great multitude begins to be in motion. A walk at this hour to meet them is very amusing. Not only the numberless feet, but the numberless tongues that are all in action, though the latter are much the most nimble, inspire an Englishman with a succession of whimsical ideas.

PALAIS-ROYAL.

Of this important building our author gives the following account. It was founded in 1629. It was then partly within and partly without the city, as inclosed by Charles V. of France. Cardinal *de Richelieu* was its founder. It was first called the *Hôtel de Richelieu*; but the minister increasing in power, *Palais Cardinal* was inscribed in the marble over the great gate in letters of gold. In 1639, either from ostentation or gratitude,

the Cardinal bequeathed his palace, with its furniture and precious jewels, to Louis XIII.

In 1643, Ann of Austria, the Queen Regent, with her sons Lewis XIV. and the Duke of Anjou, left the Louvre to reside at the *Palais Cardinal*. The name of *Palais Royal* was then inscribed on it, though at the request of *la Duchesse d'Aiguillon* this same Queen Regent caused the title *Palais Cardinal* to be re-inscribed.

At present it is best known by the appellation of *Palais Royal*; it is no longer presumed to be the Palace of Equality; and the reader might forget the scene of action, were it called by the name inscribed at present over the gate—*Palais du Tribunal*. To review this palace, says our author, through all its changes and gradations, would be no easy task; a few of the principal traits will be sufficient. From the time of its founder, it has been the scene of amusement. Richelieu well understood the Parisians; and to increase their pleasures, countenanced show, and gained the praise of their favourite writers. He built a theatre, and pensioned several of the reigning wits, among whom were *Rotrou* and the great *Corneille*. In constructing this theatre the Cardinal caused eight oaks of twenty toises each, to be brought from the forest *du Bourbonnois*, which cost eight thousand livres in the carriage.

It was his great ambition to be himself a poet, and upon this theatre he gratified his master-foible. It is generally affirmed, he was himself the author of a tragi-comedy, called *Miramis*; though it was fathered by *Desmarets*. To bring it on the stage cost the Cardinal a hundred thousand crowns; but in spite of his every exertion to insure success, it was condemned.

Finding how irritated the minister was at this failure, the comedians, at the next representation, filled the house with an audience determined to applaud. The transports of the Cardinal were uncommonly great, he showed himself to the spectators, and commanded silence, that passages still more beautiful might be heard. A person, punning upon the title of his palace, is said to have exclaimed aloud, *This, alas! is not a cardinal comedy; but the comedy of a cardinal!* During his life the Parisians were admitted *gratis* to the plays and exhibitions he gave at his theatre.

Of the former gardens Mr. Holcroft read, that after they came into the possession of the Orleans family, they were the delight of the Parisians; that under the large chesnut-trees, the people were secure both from heat and rain; it was the general resort for people of every rank and every country. Near the middle of this walk was a tree called *l'Arbre de Cracovie*, the most famous in the world, as the rendezvous of politicians. Be-

neath its majestic shade the affairs of the whole earth were adjusted; and on the deeds of heroes, the measures of ministers, and the proceedings of kings, decision here was passed. In the year 1783, the old gardens were one of the most famous of the public walks in Paris; but even at this time they were frequented toward the evening by courtezans, with whom men of rank and character appeared not to think it any disgrace to converse. As the evening advanced, women of meaner appearance repaired thither; and sometimes were, with their paramours, whipped out of the garden by the Swiss of the Palace. The present buildings, that now form the grand area, were then projecting.

The outcry against this innovation upon their habits and pleasures was loud among the Parisians; especially among those, and they were many, whose property was injured. The noble collection of pictures which in different divisions have since been sold in England, was then in that palace.

We are next informed, that in front of the *Palais Royal* is an open place, not a square, though somewhat like one, which is formed by the palace itself to the north, by a large reservoir on the south, which supplies the Tuilleries, and this palace with water, and is called *le Chateau d'Eau*, or palace of water, and by various coffee-houses and traders on the east and west.

As a characteristic of the contrarieties of Paris, our author mentions, that in this open place, the collectors of old cloaths assemble in the morning, much the same as they do in the Minories in London, though not in such numbers. It is likewise degraded by the moveable stalls of apple-women, and by various petty hawkers.

The front wall is high, the palace is low; it has numerous pillars, and a vast portico, or open saloon, that would better correspond to an edifice of different dimensions. Says he, call it a house, and suppose it built for the convenience of a mortal man, and it is then more than sufficiently grand, spacious, and presumptuous; even though the grand Cardinal himself could again revive, and become its inhabitant.

The want of foliage in the gardens of the *Palais Royal* occasions them to be less frequented than they were. There is indeed another cause: they are so continually in the possession of that unfortunate class of females, who by their vices and effrontery, banish those who should be their sisters and their friends, so that women of decent character scarcely dare be seen in them, except as passing to some other place.

The south end is the most frequented part of the garden; it is fashionable to walk a few turns here in the evening; and during summer, to take ice and other refreshments, under the pavillion that belongs to the coffee-house in the centre. In this

walk especially, the females before mentioned, flirt backward and forward, and coquet with every well-dressed man who does not carefully shun them; while they expose, I will not say their charms, says our author, for I will not use words as they do their persons, but, enough to offend even those who make no stern pretensions to decency.

At the north end of the alley, on the west side, a crowd of stock-jobbers were accustomed to meet every evening; however, the First Consul issued a decree forbidding them to transact business in any other place than that which he was pleased to indicate; and whenever the stock-jobbers attempted again to assemble, if only to the number of half a dozen, they found the bayonet at their backs.

OF THE SHOPS IN THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

The whole of the lower story of these buildings, that part which was formerly occupied by the Orleans family excepted, is dedicated to shops. As most of them are small, their number is the greater; and their contiguity, quick succession, and the variety of the articles they have to sell, give the appearance of multitude and magnificence.

The Parisians will make all the show of which their confined space will admit; and many of them have little more to shew than that which is immediately exposed. Those traders which are most capable of display, prefer the *Palais Royal*, such as print-sellers, silver-smiths, watch and clock-makers, milliners, confectioners, cutlers, seal-engravers, venders of trinkets, and jewellers.

Mr. Holcroft gives the following account of an artifice common in Paris, in order to produce the appearance of large stock and ample space.

At the beginning of the arcades, says he, on the west, a jeweller keeps a shop, which he has so lined with looking glass, that the stock and premises appear not only doubled in length and breadth, but are so reflected from the roof, that the first time I passed, I really imagined the owner had a rich jewellery warehouse on the first floor. When I afterward discovered my error, I looked into the shop, that I might judge of its real extent, and found it something larger than those on the general small scale, but of no great extent. Thus the apparently grandest and wealthiest jeweller's shop in the world, sunk into comparative insignificance. This shop, and a sword and gun-smith's, a little higher, are some of the most splendid in appearance. Among them are many very petty traders indeed: sellers of cakes, billiard-rooms crowded with the meanest com-

pany, and others whose occupations our author had forgotten. One of them, however, he thinks he shall never forget.

A few doors distant from the jeweller's, is, or was, a board with this inscription: *Aux artistes réunis*. Mr. Holcroft is of opinion that Satan himself, not having been at Paris, never could divine what and who these united artists were. They were shoe-blacks; but they too have their shops in various parts of the *Palais Royal*. These shops are furnished with benches befitting the place. The master purchases *le Journal du Commerce* in the morning, and *le Journal du Soir* in the evening; and here any man who has twopence and a pair of dirty half-boots, may seat himself and collect as much intelligence as government will permit to be published; while the artist, by the smearing of lamp-black, often makes this part of his dress as clean as the rest.

Not being accustomed to view palaces laid out into compartments for trade, the imagination is forcibly struck to behold such a pile of building, to contemplate the lengthened arcades, and to perceive that they all abound with the efforts of human industry, in almost countless divisions. Retail traders never before were seen in so splendid a mansion. However, the shops are on a small scale, the wares of many of them trifling, there is a littleness runs through the whole, and an ample portion of what is absolutely mean.

The same feelings are not excited by viewing the streets of a trading city, for the same mixture of grandeur and meanness, pomp and poverty, is not found.

Of the multitudes that frequent this mass, and of the effect they contribute to produce on him, who for the first time views the whole, some idea may be conceived, by recollecting the principal circumstances.

But the objects are so multifarious, that to the mind they are too rapid for the attention to be fixed for a moment. Recollection, comparison, association are all overpowered. The past is forgotten, the world is concentrated in the *Palais Royal*, and here all is order, continuity, variety, profusion, and splendour.

From the effect produced by this assemblage, this place is highly deserving of investigation. Besides these already noticed, there are many other things which arrest the attention, and greatly heighten the picture. There are two theatres which form a part of this mass of buildings; one of them the *Théâtre de la République*; this is the chief theatre in which the works of their best tragic and comic writers are represented. The merits of the performers shall be discussed at an after period.

The sensations produced by the lights, the moving crowd, and the merchandize exposed as already described, are not a little heightened by music, vocal and instrumental, that strikes the ear with peculiar force; it being both loud, and often as it were, on the very spot, though the stranger cannot divine whence it proceeds. Presently that which was loud before becomes ten times louder, and his hearing leads his eye to the descent into a cellar, and should he descend, finds a strange mixture of the working people and the wealthier citizens; some clean, some dirty, sitting over their small beer, lemonade *bavaroise*; or some other insipid liquor; regaling themselves with feasting and music.

One of these cellars is called *Café des Aveugles*. The master of this coffee-house is blind, the musicians are blind, and doubtless if they could but have conveniently served their customers, the waiters would also have been chosen from the blind. Nothing amuses a Parisian so much, as that which he can talk of with astonishment.

Among the rest our author visited the cellar. He listened to the musicians: he that led the band played *solos*, and sometimes played finely; the rest performed passably well; it was far from a contemptible orchestra.

Having made the tour of the arcades, the stranger passes into the gardens. His eye is attracted by numerous lights from the upper part of the building; especially from the range of first floors, where they are numerous, and of which the apartments appear to be spacious and magnificent. Some of these are *restarateurs*, and others coffee-houses, or rooms dedicated to scientific clubs, and literary societies, but a still greater portion are devoted to the baneful practice of private and public gaming, and all above, even to the attic story, are dens of prostitution and the most incredible obscenities.

FRENCH RANELAGH.

The Parisians too have their *Ranelagh*; and their summer, nay their winter *Vauxhall*. Of their *Ranelagh* our author professes to know no more than what he read. Of their summer *Vauxhall*, however, he is enabled to give his opinion; for in the year 1783 he was there.

VAUXHALL.

Perfectly well acquainted with the *Vauxhall* of London, he was astonished to hear them call the place he saw at Paris by that name. It was confined, its decorations were absolutely contemptible, and the company he saw there resembled the place.

GARDENING.

He informs us, it was the nobility who had most imitated the English style of gardening; several of the gardens in this style are now open to the public. That which was fitted up at the expence of the late Duke of Orleans, at the west end of *la Rue de Monceaux*, was in the grandest style. As a garden it chiefly amuses an Englishman by things that he little expected. He finds traces of his own country; mile-stones with English inscriptions, old walls, and wind-mills newly erected, and ruins, that cost as much in the building, as might have raised up several cottages. The *Hameau de Chantilly* is another extensive garden; our author never frequented the place, but was told that they are a kind of decent Cyprian groves.

TIVOLI PUBLIC GARDENS.

Tivoli is the title given to gardens, in which all the amusements common to such gardens are exhibited in the greatest variety. Dancing, fire-works, puppet-shows, legerdemain, air balloons; whatever can amuse or excite attention is here collected. Our traveller informs us, that from this place *Garnerin* and his wife, desperately adventurous, have several times soared to the clouds; he here observes that the motives by which men are actuated to desperate attempts, from which it often happens that the most extensive and permanent benefits are derived, well deserve to be inquired into, developed and recorded.

Mr. Holcroft only paid one visit to *Tivoli*; and the dancing excepted, found the amusement very trifling and ill conducted. As far as he could discover, the puppet-shows and slight-of-hand exhibitions were much the same as those so common in other places of this city, but the crowd would not suffer him to approach; for nothing is too paltry or common-place to amuse a crowd. There was one diversion which excited great laughter among the gazers. A kind of slight mast of equal diameter, was hung horizontally upon swivels, ropes were fixed on each side, for the hands to hold by and the feet to rest upon. To this beam, those who chose to make the experiment mounted by a ladder, placed themselves upon it in a horizontal position, the face downward, and staying themselves by their hands and feet, attempted to proceed to the other end. The beam was so hung, that the equilibrium must be exactly maintained, or is turned; and the adventurer had the safe-guard of his hands, holding by the rope, or he must have fallen.

The Parisians were not in the least restrained from the attempt by the fear of being laughed at. One of them no sooner was turned over, than another was ready to make trial; but not one that our author saw succeeded in attaining the further

end of the beam, which appeared to be about fifteen feet in length.

Mr. Holcroft saw another sport which appeared to him absolutely contemptible. In a kind of pond or canal about twenty yards in length, and of scarcely the width of the New River at Islington, were three or four boats with flat bottoms, each furnished with two paddles: Into these several young men were eager to get, and each wait for his turn. One of them, from extreme awkwardness, was upset. He scrambled out sufficiently dirty, but danger was out of the question: it was too shallow.

FRASCATI.

The gardens of the *Frascati* are the place of general resort, for that distinguished class of society, which bestow upon themselves the title of fashionable. These gardens are situated on the *Boulevards*, at the end of *la Rue de la Loi*. The proprietor admits the public *gratis*, except on certain nights, when he advertises a *fête*. The word *fête* is applied to almost every kind of merry-making, and when *fêtes* are given at all these public gardens, the routine of fire-works, dancing and illuminations as before described, suffers little variation.

Though there is no public place in Paris in which the company is select, or any thing like select, yet our author found it better upon the whole in these gardens, than any where else. Better only in dress and appearance, for it is the noted rendez-vous at which those of the public women, who are in the highest keeping, are ambitious to exhibit their conquest and their charms.

The proprietor of these gardens derives his profits from his coffee-house, in which ices, punch, *liqueurs*, and other refreshments are sold; and through this coffee-house, which is on the first floor, all must pass who go into the gardens. The tour of the coffee-rooms is usually made at going and returning, though they are generally full of company. Gazing, and being gazed at, is common in Paris; the females have little of that which in England is called modesty of look, and the men have so much of that which is called impudence, that no insult seems intended, nor is any offence taken.

The fashionable hour for coming to these gardens is from ten or eleven, on opera nights; it being common for the well dressed company, at leaving the opera, to visit the *Frascati*. As a city, the city of Paris is sooner in bed and earlier up than the city of London: the public places close at an earlier hour, and in these gardens, there is seldom much company at midnight.

ANCIENT AND MODERN FESTIVALS.

At all the numerous festivals from May 1801, to September 1802, which were given at Paris, Mr. Holcroft was present. And while employed in collecting facts and documents, was fully convinced of many of the ill effects they produced. But before he proceeds to detail these, he presents us with a brief retrospect of certain anecdotes and events, by which such rejoicings have been characterised in France.

Mr. Holcroft here presents his reader with a long quotation from St. Foix, containing a general description of the mode in which the Kings and Queens of France formerly made their public entry into Paris. He then gives us the following examples from the same author, which, if not new, will be entertaining to the majority of our readers.

Froissard says, "When Isabel of Bavaria made her entry, at the *Port aux peintres Rue St. Denis*, there was an open sky, most richly starred, and the figure of God, seated in all his Majesty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In this sky, children taking the form of angels, right sweetly sang in chorus; and, when the queen passed in her open litter, under the gate of this paradise, two angels descended from on high, holding in their hands a most rich crown of gold, garnished with precious stones, and placed it right gently on the brow of the queen, chaunting to the following effect: 'Lady inclosed by fleurs de lys, Queen are you of Paradise, of France, and all the country, once more we mount to Paradise.'

He also presents us with the following singular account, as recorded by St. Foix.

"On the public entry of Lewis XI. in 1461, a very agreeable spectacle was invented. Facing the fountain *du Ponceau*, were several youthful maids as syrens, all naked, who, while they displayed their beauteous bosoms, sang little mottets and pastorals.

"It appears that when Ann of Brittany made her entry, the precautions they took were so great, that troops of ten or twelve females were stationed with certain utensils, for the dames and *demoiselles* of the procession. I forgot to remark that, in those times, the cry of acclamation, at such ceremonies, was not *Vive le Roi!* (God save the King) but *Noel! Noel!* (The Saviour! The Saviour!)

From these anecdotes Mr. Holcroft deduces the following reflections. It appears that theatrical establishments, the deceptions of dress, painting and machinery, were an early practice. As to their degree of perfection, if what is written be true, they could not have been contemptible, or they must have been insupportably ridiculous. The Trinity seated in the clouds,

the starry firmament, and the descending angels, surely must have required skill. The manners of these times were rude, and so were the people, but their known actions, their deeds of arms, their cunning, their ambition, their buildings, and their whole economy, gives no reason to suppose they were childish. The licentiousness of the nation, he continues, is a feature to be remembered. Naked syrens to sing and sport before youthful monarchs! What were the ideas and sensations they were intended to excite? The whimsical succeeding fact! The attention to the dames and *demoiselles* thus publicly displayed! The habits and manners of nations propagate themselves through descending ages.

“ This form of combat continued till the knights-errant had been vanquished and dragged one by one to hell, which was then firmly closed.

“ At that instant Cupid and Mercury, borne upon a cock, descended from heaven. Mercury was that *Etienne le Roi*, the famous singer, who being on earth, came and presented himself to the three knights, and after a melodious song, made them an harangue, and then mounted the skies on his cock, still singing.

“ The three knights then rose from their seats, passed through paradise, went to the Elysian field, in quest of the twelve nymphs, and brought them to the middle of the hall, where they began to dance a very diversified ballet, which continued a full hour.

“ The ballet being ended, the knights who were in hell were delivered, and began to combat promiscuously all together, and to break their lances.

“ This conflict over, they set fire to trains of powder, which were laid round a fountain, raised almost in the middle of the hall, whence proceeded a noise and a smoke that made every one retire. Such were the sports of this day, whence may be conjectured, amid feints like these, what were the thoughts of the king and the secret council.”

St. Foix adds, “ Catherine of Medicis, whose abominable policy had corrupted the good propensities of her son, was the soul of this secret council. Who can think and not shudder with horror, says Mr. Holcroft, of a woman that could imagine, compose and prepare a festival on the subject of a massacre, which she intended four days after to make of a part of the nation over which she reigned? Who smiled at her victims! Who sported with carnage! Who made nymphs and cupids dance on the banks of a river of blood! And who mingled the charms of music with the groans of a hundred thousand wretches whom she murdered.”

Mr. Holcroft adds nothing to this horrid picture, but justly observes, that it is too oppressive to be insisted upon. The man in possession of his understanding need not to have his hatred of

it increased. The man infuriated by revenge, bigotry, or ambition, has lost all sense of good and evil.

We are also informed by St. Foix, that "*La Place du Carrousel*," which joins the vast court of the Tuileries, was so called because it was chosen by Lewis XIV. as the theatre of a pompous spectacle or carousal, which in magnificence surpassed every public festival that had till that time been seen.

"This monarch proposed his intention to Colbert the minister of finance, who approved of the plan, and only requested the festival to be announced to all Europe, and deferred to that distant period which might give foreigners time to arrive from the most distant parts. The concourse was prodigious; and the money left by strangers in the metropolis and on the roads of France, rendered much more to the state than the cost of the festival."

Mr. Holcroft observes that many of the plans and public works of Colbert were such as entitle him to be honoured, not by France alone, but by all mankind; but many were degraded, nay, infested by the vices peculiar to that grand era of ostentation.

His encouragement of the useful and fine arts, says he, his plans and protection of commerce, the squares, the quays, and the public works which he effected or patronized, are the true foundations of his fame; but that he should not discover the mischief of turning the attention of the people from objects of such utility to ineffectual efforts at grandeur, to lighted candles, burning oil, or flaming wax, to waving flags or rags, to painted boards, nicknamed triumphal arches, and not to magnificence, but the farce of magnificence, is only to be accounted for by recollecting, that man is the creature of the times, the habits, and the circumstances under which he lives.

Mr. Holcroft quotes a long passage from St. Foix, to prove, with what precautions great multitudes, especially of the young, the rash, and the unexperienced, should be assembled, though it be for a purpose in itself truly estimable, that of mirth and pleasurable enjoyment.

This passage chiefly relates to the description of an ancient festival called *Landit*, which signified a place where the people assembled by the order, or with the permission of the prince. It was annually celebrated by the scholars of the university of Paris, in the plains of St. Dennis. The principal fact which we learn from this article is contained in the following sentence,

Notwithstanding the vigilance of their masters, having dined, these youths generally quarrelled and came to blows; the procession rarely ended without effusion of blood.

Mr. Holcroft observes that the festivals that have been celebrated in France are too numerous, and in their essence too insig-

nificant to deserve any other notice, than that of observing such have been, and such are the habits to which the French have been trained by their rulers, as well republican and consular, as monarchical.

There is one, however, he continues, at the commencement of the republic, which is so distinguished by energy, or rather by effervescence of mind, that though the accounts given of it are in every man's memory, it deserves their frequent recollection, I mean the feast of confederation, or federation; the French call it by both names.

Mr. Holcroft informs us that the most spirited picture he has met with of this festival is that by *Dulaure*.

From it we shall make the following extracts:

FESTIVAL OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF FRENCH FREEDOM.

"The august festival of the anniversary of French freedom,* and also of the national federative pact was held in *le Champ de la Federation* formerly *le Champ de Mars*. The history of man affords no example of a ceremony so awful, so sublime, and of a concourse so vast, from motives so sanctified. The individual federative pacts, particularly that of the citizens of Brittany and Anjou at Pontivy, first gave the idea of a general federative pact. A committee of federation was formed at Paris at the *Hôtel de Ville*; who on the 5th of June, 1790, sent a deputation to the National Assembly. *M. Bailly* was at their head, and an address of the citizens of Paris to the French people was read, as was a petition to the National Assembly. On the 7th the Committee of Constitution made its report on the form of convocation, and on the solemnization of this grand festival. It was decreed that the directory of each district in France should depute one national guard in two hundred; that every naval and military corps, whether national or foreign, should depute to the general federation. The address of the citizens of Paris to all the French, was sent to every municipality: in it was the following passage. On the 14th July we conquered our freedom; on the 14th of July, we will swear it shall be maintained. On the same day, at the same hour, may the general, the unanimous cry resound, through every corner of France, *Vive la Nation, la Loi, et le Roi!* May this cry for ever be the rallying sound of the friends of their country, and the terror of its enemies! To afford lodging to so great a number of deputies, and to free them from expence, the sixty districts which then formed the commune of Paris, made a decree; according to which the housekeepers of each district were invited to send in notices of the number of deputies they could lodge, which

* The 14th of July.

notices were returned to the *Hôtel de Ville*; where those deputies were to address themselves, who wished to lodge with their brethren of Paris. For the theatre of this grand festival, the *Champ de Mars*, being at one extremity of the city, seemed to enjoy every advantage; its regular form, its immense extent, its alleys, &c. in fine, every combining property promised convenience and grandeur, and it was chosen. This spacious field, appropriated to the military students of the old school, is a regular parallelogram; it is near four hundred and fifty toises in length; its width, including the ditches and trees on each side, is near three hundred. On this capacious place, the most vast circus on earth was formed. To raise the talus or sloping rampart, by which the circus was to be surrounded, prodigious labour was required; the soil must be dug at a distance and removed. At the beginning of July, the *Champ de Mars*, presented a spectacle unique in its kind. A theatre so vast! Variety so boundless! Motion so incessant! Nothing more gay or more affecting was ever offered to the eye of man! Sixty thousand persons of every class, act upon, excite, press together, and fatigue themselves with joy! the earth moves under the multiplied efforts; the air resounds with cries of encouragement and patriotic songs; one common sentiment animates this family of citizens, similar mirth glows on every cheek, and similar tears start from every eye. Masons and other workmen having ended their common day's labour, came and dedicated some of their hours of rest to this national task. The corporations of each trade arrived in order, arm in arm, like brethren marching under some banner filled with emblems of their civism, their devotion to freedom or their hatred of its foes. On these hastily formed ensigns were various inscriptions; such as 'Freedom or death'—'For our country, no task is difficult.'—On that of the printers was—'Printing the first torch of Freedom.' A thing well worthy of remark, and one that was a satire on the former government, which in public festivals acted with its multiplied bayonets, was that in this multitude of men, all in the same place, and all in motion, nothing disorderly happened, nor was there need of sentinels*. Several members of the National Assembly, as well as the general of the Parisian guard, were seen to dig, load, and wheel the barrow, and bank the earth; the king desired to see this spectacle. Suddenly shouldering the spade and pick-axe as he proceeded to visit the work-shops, the citizens formed round him a guard of honour. On the 8th of July, the labour of removing the earth was ended, and a proclamation was issued, requesting

* On the 5th, 6th, and 7th of July, the number of labourers was estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand. The number was greatest toward evening.—*Dulaure*.

every citizen to abstain from visiting the *Champ de Mars*, till the day that they might come, and there assemble to celebrate the national festival."

"The 14th of July at length came, and in the morning the citizens repaired in crowds to the scene of action. Bridges were laid over the moats of the *Champ de Mars*, that the avenues to the circus might be multiplied. This immense circus was bordered by a talus, which was divided into two parts; the upper of which had no seats, and the lower presented thirty ranges of banks in descending gradations, and separated at ten, by three large intervals for the egress and regress of the spectators. These banks could conveniently permit sixty thousand persons to be seated. The post or terrace above, might contain about a hundred and fifty thousand people standing. The disposition was such, that from each part every thing might be equally well seen. The whole length of this talus was agreeably overtopped by two rows of trees. The entrance to the circus was facilitated by ten avenues. At the principal of these was an immense triumphal arch. It had three vast porticoes, of equal height, adorned by military trophies and allegorical figures. On the two faces of this triumphal arch were various inscriptions, of which these are the most remarkable: '*Nothing should arm us but our country, or our laws: Let us die in their defence; or live to love them. —During ages, the rights of man were unknown; they have been recovered for the whole earth.—The King of a free people, is the only powerful King.—Shew yourself worthy to maintain the freedom you now cherish and possess.*' A broad bridge constructed of piles and boats, facing the triumphal arch, was thrown over the Seine in ten or twelve days, and formed a road corresponding with that from Versailles, and an avenue by which the confederate troops were to arrive at the *Champ de la Fédération*. In the centre of the circus the altar *de la Patrie* was raised. A circular sub-basement surrounded the steps, and representing a vast terrace, formed the first approach to the altar. In the middle, a square divided into four spacious gradations, led to the upper platform, in the centre of which, above several circular steps, a round altar was erected. At the four angles of this platform, between the landing-places, were four grand candelabras, of antique form, bearing cassalots, that smoked with incense. At the eight faces of the angles of this platform, were different subjects painted, relative to the civic oath, freedom, and the new constitution. Here also were appropriate inscriptions. At the further end, before the front of *l'Ecole Militaire*, to the whole extent of the circus, was a vast gallery, intended for the national representatives and the king, &c. In the centre of this amphitheatre, embellished by festoons and folded draperies, was a pavilion, at

the summit of which was a white flag.—Under this pavilion of a canopy form, were the places of the king and the president of the national assembly. This part of the circus might contain about four thousand persons seated, most of them under cover. The federates who were to form the procession, repaired to the old *Bouvelard* at six in the morning, and arranged themselves from the gate of *St. Antoine* to that of *St. Dennis*. A banner was given to each deputation, on which was the name of its department, and a civic wreath containing these words :

CONFEDERATION NATIONALE: A PARIS,

LE 14 JUILLET, 1790.

The federate troops departed at eight in the morning, and arrived at *la Place de Louis XV.* about eleven o'clock. Here they received the municipality of Paris and the National Assembly; who were at the *Pont-Tournant* of the Tuileries, and who then arranged themselves between the detachments of the guard of Paris, and the banners of its sixty districts. While the federates were on their march, they were exposed to frequent and heavy showers of rain; however they braved the storm, and manifested their joy by singing and dancing, as did also a numerous detachment of the national guard, who were stationed at the *Champ de Mars*. The people, who had already filled most of the banks of the circus, admired their firmness and gaiety. Though drenched by the showers, numbers uniting, formed a vast circle round the altar, and hand in hand, presented the consolatory picture of a band of many hundred citizens, soldiers, and brothers. Foreigners seated on the banks, witnessing this patriotic intoxication, exclaimed in a kind of ill humour—Do but behold these devils the French, who dance while it pours with rain! As the federates passed through the streets, the inhabitants sent down bottles of wine, bread, and other food, which the former received on the sabre's point. The transports of fraternal friendship were seen at every step. The bishop of *Autun*, accompanied by sixty almoners of the Parisian guard, who, clothed in white surplices, with tri-coloured sashes, formed a numerous clerical escort, surrounded the altar, and waited the solemn moment. At length the artillery announced the arrival of the confederates; more than fifty thousand men. Soon afterward, detachments from all the departments of France, and the different military bodies, accompanied by their music, were beheld entering under the triumphal arch. As they passed along the banks of the circus, the confederates of those departments, that had been distinguished by their patriotism, received the most lively tributes of gratitude. The entrance of the electors of Paris, the commune of the city, and the National Assembly, appeared to a great majority of the spectators the most awful moment of the cere-

mony. The sight of these illustrious friends of freedom, these founders of the laws of the empire, these representatives of a great and free people, advancing to the number of nearly fourteen hundred, to the centre of the circus, produced a grand effect. The National Assembly being in the galleries destined for their reception, the king repaired thither. This was the order in which they were placed: In the centre of the gallery was a platform, on which were two arm chairs finely embroidered; one for the king, the other for the president of the National Assembly. On the left of the king were stools, which were occupied by the secretaries and other members of the National Assembly. The king was placed in the centre of them, without any intermediate person, and under the same pavilion. A balcony behind the king and the National Assembly was occupied by the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family. At half past three, the rain had ceased, each person was in his place, the mass began, and the air was filled with music the most harmonious. This ended, a bomb was the appointed signal for the neighbouring municipalities, that, at the same instant, their inhabitants might take the same oath as the signal should be repeated; and that it should be extended from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. The *Marquis de la Fayette* advanced to receive the king's orders, who gave him the form of the oath decreed by the National Assembly. *M. de la Fayette* then went to the altar, where he pronounced it aloud: and immediately the deputies of all the departments eagerly repeated——‘I SWEAR.’ The president caused the usual oath to be administered to the National Assembly. The king in his place, raised his arm toward the altar, and thus spoke: ‘I, king of the French, swear to the nation, to employ all the power which is delegated to me by the constitutional law of the state, for the maintenance of the constitution, and the execution of the laws.’ Scarcely was the oath pronounced, before the confederates crowded toward the altar, filled the ascent to it, and formed the new and grand spectacle of a vast pyramid of citizens. Their hats, and grenadiers' caps were raised on their swords, and bayonets were seen to agitate the air. *Te Deum* was then sung, and cries of joy were mingled with the vast concert of military music. The hour of five was passed when the ceremony was ended. The confederates repaired in order to the *Chateau de la Muette*, a royal mansion a quarter of a league distant from *le Champ de Mars*. There they found tables abundantly provided, in all the alleys of the park. Here they drank to the nation, to freedom, and the king. Dancing and patriotic songs animated the repast. It was remarked, that though the guests of all ranks and ages amounted to fifty thousand men, there was not the least disorder, nor was

any one seen drunk. In fine, nearly four hundred thousand spectators assembled in the circus, retired without difficulty, and without accident*. For the first time, the menacing and murderous carriages of the rich had been absolutely excluded†."

Such is the account, says our author, given by a person present, and who appears to have industriously remarked and collected facts of a festival which will for ever remain remarkable in the annals of mankind.

By this example we see the efforts of which men in a mass are capable; the facility with which they may be made so to act; and the public spirit, the happy feelings, and the generous sentiments this mode of acting may inspire: On what occasions it might be wise to prompt men to such exertions, he leaves to future inquirers.

FESTIVALS.

Mr. Holcroft next gives a long account of the anniversary of the revolution in the *Champ de Mars*, as described by an animated French writer, named *Dulaure*; and afterwards proceeds to describe some festivals at which he was present. The first of these was in July 1801, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille. It was no insignificant mark of the intentions and policy of the First Consul, that in his address to the people, no mention whatever is made of the Bastille, or of its capture.

Fine words were accompanied by fine promises: such as that the scandal of religious dissensions should cease; and that a civil code, ripened by the sage delay of discussion, should protect the property and the rights of the people. They were also reminded of their obligations; with declarations, true or false, that the interest of the country was the reigning interest; that peace on the continent was concluded by moderation; that the government had no enemies, but those of the people; and that their brothers and sons, were returning to their homes, devoted to the cause of freedom. These fine words, signed BONAPARTE, at the *Palace of the Government*, were ordered to be proclaimed, advertised, printed, and pasted to the walls, throughout *the whole République*.

* The only misfortune of the day happened from the wadding of a cannon, which was fired too suddenly: It wounded some soldiers, and killed a man on the other side of the river. As the confederate troops retired from *la Muette*, when the deputies of *Auvergne* passed the wooden bridge, some of the planks gave way, and several persons fell, but they escaped with a few scratches; they were more frightened than hurt.—*Dulaure*.

† The above is an abridged detail of that wonderful festival from Mr. Holcroft's translation of *Dulaure's* account of that event, in a work entitled *Curiosités de Paris*, 1791. Mr. Holcroft observes that *Dulaure* wrote at the time when mens minds were in a state of fermentation, and therefore he does not make himself accountable for the real and supposed mistakes of his author.

Being the first festival after the great consequences of the battle of Marengo, government appeared determined to give it uncommon variety and splendour; and the preparations were publicly begun a full month before its celebration. When told that a temple of war and a temple of peace were to be built, Mr. Holcroft imagined these were the visionary conjectures of the people; however, he soon saw the ground planned out, and the structures begun. Living in the neighbourhood, he watched their progress, and discovered they were not to be the solid and eternal edifices of Thebes or of Greece, but the light and transportable show-booths of France. They were not constructed of marble, stone, or even brick; but of boards.

The day approached, and these temples, wooden though they were, still appeared in an unfinished state. He began to doubt the possibility of their being ready in time. Besides the temples, he saw numerous other preparations, and none of them seemed in a more forward state, yet the program announced that the festival should begin at nine in the morning. His surprise was the greater, but these things were new to him. Says he, I did not sufficiently know either the people or the practice.

Mr. Holcroft here presents his readers with a translation of the program published by *Chaptal*, minister of the home department; by it we are informed, that on the eve of this festival the public theatres were to be opened *gratis*; several large spaces appropriated to almost every kind of amusements, with a minute detail of the morning sports.

The festival began at nine o'clock. Sports of the evening commenced at five; which were followed by spectacles and sports of the night.

To see the whole, our author imagined that it was necessary to be up and abroad early, and accordingly on the 14th of July, he walked immediately after breakfast to *les Champ Elysées*. His curiosity was particularly excited to see what should happen at *les mâts de cocagne*, which were announced as the opening sports. He was informed these were a kind of ship masts, reared perpendicularly, and smeared with grease, at the summit of which were to be prizes, consisting of geese, poultry, and provisions of various kinds, for the adventurer who should have the force, courage, and skill to swerve the mast.

As he approached, instead of a crowd, there was scarcely a person to be seen; and when he came to the place, to his utter astonishment, he found men digging the holes, and the masts lying on the ground. All his ideas concerning the order, variety and gradation of amusements, with the provision of time, place, and circumstance, which he had derived from the program, were instantly overturned.

Every thing seemed hurry and confusion ; instead of feasting there was the appearance of disorder ; and pain where he expected rejoicing.

He walked from place to place, through the whole *Champs Elysées*, and every where booths half built, the workmen toiling, sentinels driving intruders to a distance, with all the symptoms of haste and anxiety, were visible

He inquired if the festival was actually to be held that day ; and they looked at him, saw he was a stranger, smiled, and replied—“ most certainly.”

That the workmen were much nearer the end of their labour, than the eye could have believed, was evident from the facts ; for when he returned in the afternoon, it was evident, that what with their continued exertions, and the patience of the Parisians, there would be music and dancing, and pantomimes and tumbling, and every thing, or the show of every thing that had been promised

The people began to multiply ; and they swarmed from the city, between the hours of three and six, till the crowd was immense. No one was dissatisfied ; no one complained of tardiness or disorder ; they came to be merry ; and to them mirth, tardiness and disorder are customary things. They had either too much good sense, or too little thought to disturb their joy by murmurs.

Their manners are very distinct from those of the English. In all their pursuit, the English are eager : If a balloon ascend the air, the whole multitude is in motion ; and if they have any hope of it coming down, the whole multitude will run even miles.

The French are the reverse. When in the pursuit of pleasure, there is much cheerfulness, but not the least possible ardour in their gait, look, or behaviour ; they saunter leisurely along, talking all the way, seat themselves in rows, any where if it be but dry, no matter for dust, and continue their prattle ; they appear never to have a sense of weariness, till their conversation begins to flag : they then think it time to go home.

Between three and four o'clock, some of *le mâts de cocagne* were raised, and the rest were raising.

Instead of the baskets of provisions, Mr. Holcroft saw nothing but a garland : he was therefore disappointed. This garland was lowered or drawn up at will by a pulley ; and whatever it might contain, nothing was to be seen but a large green wreath, and a branch of a tree at the top of a mast. He understood from the crowd, that the prizes, instead of those that were usual, were to be silver spoons, trinkets, watches, or money.

At each mast was a sentinel, whose orders were to be

obeyed; he was commander in chief. It was four o'clock, before these commanders would suffer the candidates for the prizes to make trial of their powers; few of those who tried, ascended within one-fourth of the summit; their efforts were painful; he left the place before any prize had been won.

The other numerous parts of this festival appeared to our author almost nugatory. He wished to see if the slight-of-hand performers displayed any peculiar dexterity, but it was impossible: the crowd was too great.

He passed to the grand pantomime performed on an open stage: here again the crowd extended to such a distance, that he could see nothing which could either tell the story or gratify the eye.

The only exhibition of which he could get even a very distant view, was the rope-dancers. They performed some extraordinary feats, and exposed themselves to imminent danger of fractures or death, which they every instant braved to excite astonishment. The following anecdote of this extreme rashness which happened on the public entry of Lewis XII. is quoted from *Du Radier's Bibliothèque Historique de Poitou*.

“A rope-dancer named *Georges Menustre*, fixed a large rope to the top of the great tower of the *Château de Mâcon*, and the windows of the steeple of the Jacobins, extending two hundred and fifty paces, and raised twenty six toises from the ground. On this he twice together passed and repassed, and the last time, from the tower to the steeple: where in view of the king and thirty thousand people, he performed many dances, leaps, gambadoes, and morisques; and hung first by the feet, and then by the teeth with a hat: this was a thing strange to behold, and marvellous to see, provided it were true, and that by enchantment the human sight was not deceived.

MANNERS OF THE PARISIANS.

Mr. Holcroft employed his time in walking about and observing the manners of the people. Thousands of them were seated; the majority on the ground; others at the doors of booths, where cakes scarcely eatable, and *la bonne bière de Mars*, a wretched beverage, were sold. He that had wanted a dinner must have gone back for it to Paris, and yet of the thing above described, there was no little consumption.

Various ballad-singers had taken their station in different parts of *les Champs Elysées*; and all of them chaunted the same song: The glorious and heroic life of the Consul Buonaparte. Mr. Holcroft thinks it evident that they were fitted out for the occasion; they were decently dressed, were accompanied by fiddlers, and all

sang the same ditty ; which had a very passable wood-cut frontispiece, of a whole length portrait of Buonaparte, in his general's uniform. The song, or history of his life, contained nine full pages, with notes.

Having sauntered among the saunterers, our author returned to *le Grand Carré*. The temples had been completed in the afternoon, and the cords withdrawn ; but no person was allowed admission, except those who had tickets.

The temple of war was small, and its whole embellishment were military trophies ; the temple of peace was nearly in the same style of warlike decoration. The latter, however, notwithstanding that it was mere show, and only composed of painted wood, had really a grand effect.

Mr. Holcroft remarks that there are two things in which the French are unrivalled : Their universal excellence in dancing, and their talent at making an ostentatious and even grand exhibition at a small expence. Had the temple of peace been of Parian marble, and had it taken years to construct, its appearance could not have been more magnificent. Adjoining trifling structures were erected, for the sole purpose of displaying flags, banners, and arms, and giving the whole a military appearance.

A little before dark, the famous Garnerin ascended in a balloon ; this was the eighteenth ascent. Garnerin came to earth, after having sailed fifteen leagues in three hours.

ILLUMINATIONS.

In every festival, our author saw illumination was the most striking feature. About twilight, the lamp-lighters began ; and presently the vast extent of *les Champs Elysées*, *la Place de la Concorde*, the grand avenues that lead to *la Barriere de Chaillot*, and the spacious place called *l'Etoile*, were emitting their innumerable sparkling lights. Shaded as the scene was by trees, Mr. Holcroft thought the light more clear now than it had been during the day.

The program had promised that the sub-basement of the national column and the shaft itself, if possible, should be illuminated. Our author imagined these were words—mere gasconade : but to his utter astonishment, he saw the lights gradually appear. This national column might be about a hundred and fifty feet high, square, diminishing in size, and appearing to be a solid erection of stone, it was painted paper, pasted or glued to ascending rafters. When he was first told the fact he scarcely believed it to be true ; but a few months afterward, he saw this superb column in the fallen and torn state, to which it had been reduced by a gust of wind.

Mr. Holcroft enquired what could induce the government to erect a pillar, so solid and spacious in appearance, and in reality, so fragile, so derogatory, so contemptible? The answer given him was, that it was an experiment upon the opinion of the people. The intention having been formed of raising a national monument in the centre of *la Place de la Concorde*, this column was erected of these slight materials, that the opinion of the majority might be known before one of more solid construction should be raised.

At each angle were trophies and inscriptions, enumerating the battles gained, and the towns taken by the various armies; such as the army of the Pyrenees, the army of the Rhine, the army of Italy, and all the other epithets by which the different grand corps had been distinguished. The decorations round the base consisted of the figures of men large as life, with their outstretched arms joining hands with the figures on both sides of them, to signify union, and its permanency.

Concerning the column, Mr. Holcroft relates the following anecdote :

Soon after he arrived at Paris, returning one day from a walk, his wife saw a crowd of people near this monument, and soldiers dragging away a woman genteelly dressed. She inquired what was the cause of this violence? and was told, it was for the words she had uttered. The figure of Buonaparte was at the summit of the monument: this and the figures which surrounded the base, as described, she had surveyed, and exclaimed indignantly, while contemplating them: "Look at that band of thieves holding altogether, and their chief trampling every thing under foot!"

The effect produced by the illumination was truly grand. The greatest enjoyments of the day appeared to be that of the dancing societies, and they were very numerous. Several scaffoldings were raised in the vicinity of the temples; here large bands played, while the people danced in the open air. The ball did not begin in the temple of peace till the concert was over. Though this temple was open, the flooring several feet elevated, and the orchestra in the centre of it very numerous and powerful, it was with great difficulty that Mr. Holcroft could approach so as to hear indifferently. There was nothing that he heard to distinguish it from other good concerts; the pieces selected were popular, and well performed.

FIRE-WORKS.

This being over, the next grand object was the fire-works; they began so soon after, and to our author so unexpectedly, that he had but a very imperfect view of this exhibition. The place was

at *la Barriere de Chaillot*. The avenues leading to this place were all lined with rows of lofty trees; the obstruction their foliage gave was considerable; but the great obstacle was the immense crowd. The trees and the multitude prevented Mr. Holcroft and many thousands more, from seeing fire-works sent up into the air, from a high building at the top of a hill.

A curious account of the origin of fire-works, although a digression, will no doubt be interesting to our readers. Mr. Holcroft procured it from *Dulaure*.

“ During the league entitled *du bien public*, and after the battle of *Montlhery*, fought July 16th 1465, between Lewis XI. and those of the malcontent lords, at the head of whom were the *Count de Charolois* and *Charles Duc de Berri*, only brother to the king, his majesty retired to *Corbiel*, and the lords in league were at *Estampes*.

“ The *Duc de Berri* and the *Count de Charolois*, after supper were at a window speaking together, and looking down upon the people in the street, who walked in crowds. Suddenly a train of fire was seen in the air, which, in a serpentine direction, came and struck the casement where the princes stood. An apparition so extraordinary rendered them motionless: every soul was seized with terror. The astonished princes ordered their troops to arms, and immediately two or three hundred soldiers guarded the door of the house of their commanders.

“ A thing so marvellous and alarming, was thought a diabolical invention; a wicked attempt upon the persons of the *Count de Charolois* and the *Duc de Berri*.

“ After much inquiry, the author of this violent tumult was found. He came and threw himself at the feet of the princes, and confessed that he had indeed thrown fusees into the air; but that his intention was rather to amuse than annoy them. To prove that there was nothing criminal in the artificial fires, he sent up three or four in the presence of the princes, and by that means destroyed many suspicions. All began to laugh at seeing a cause so light had produced fears so various; and, disarming, retired to rest.”

ANECDOTE OF BUONAPARTE.

Mr. Holcroft relates the following anecdote, which is well worthy of attention, as from the answer it might easily have been inferred what system the *Corsican* meant to pursue:

When Buonaparte had expelled the Directory, who resided in the palace of the *Luxembourg*, he was asked where he would take up his residence? After a moment's pause, he replied, “ At the palace of the *Thuileries*—it is a good *military post*.”

CURIOSITY OF THE PARISIANS.

Nothing could be more inflated than the description of the manner in which the rowing, &c. was to be performed at the abovementioned anniversary. The idlers of Paris, it is true, are at all times ready to line parapets of the bridges, and stand gazing; if it be but a boy or a dog swimming, or a float of wood descending the river; therefore this procession and these sports, especially on such a day, could not fail to find spectators.

FRENCH DIVERSIONS.

In our author's opinion, the procession, &c. was childish; says he, that the French are capable of grandeur, what I have already said sufficiently proves; but of the grandeur of naval evolutions, I suspect they have at present but little, and to attempt to perform such evolutions, on such a river as the Seine, was an attempt so incredibly ridiculous, that had it not been witnessed by thousands, and were the manner of it related as having happened in a nation at the antipodes, equally renowned for arts, sciences, and warlike exploits, it would have been thought a most extravagant tale. I saw the men whom they call their marines come from the Louvre to their hundred boats: they looked like dancing-masters' apprentices, who taught from Wapping to Blackwall.

Their boats reminded an Englishman more of so many butchers' trays, than of twelve-oared barges.

They did not, however, want fine names; for the program stated, that while the grand pantomime, representing the triumph of the Bacchantes, should be performing in *le Carré de Marigni*, the boats, chaloupes, and gondolas on the river should be illuminated; and passing by the *Pont de la Concorde*, should perform different evolutions fronting *les Invalides*. These evolutions presented an appearance of a number of twinkling lights in motion; which might have excited surprise to a traveller lost in a forest, but by the people in *les Champs Élysées*, whom they were meant to astonish, they were scarcely noticed.

The tilts and tournaments were performed in the following manner: Imagine men with poles, four or five-feet long, at each end of which were flat and round pieces of wood not half the diameter of a trencher. Imagine two of these opponents placing the poles to each of their breasts, and pushing at one another, perhaps one minute, perhaps three; till being obliged to shift place, one of them falls into the water, then scrambles again into the boat, and there sits dripping wet, side by side, with a whole row of these half drowned rats; for one excepted, they are obliged to be tossed over-board, or this one could not win the prize.

Again: imagine bow-sprits raised at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, smeared with soft soap, with a sliding kind of saddle at

the upper end, and a ring at the lower capable of being easily detached. See the bold sailors of the Seine, by the aid of a ladder, ascend and seat themselves in these saddles. They are armed with spindles of wood, with which they are to transpierce the vacancy in the ring. At the sloping mast-head their knees compress the saddle, and their eye is fixed on the ring below. They descend, the momentum increases, the impulse of soap and motion is irresistible, and the adventurous hero topples head-long into the river; happy and glorious indeed, should he have carried with him the ring upon his spindle, for he then has gained a prize. The crowd laugh. A fall in the water and a wet jacket are enjoyments inexhaustible.

One marking feature in all these festivals, was the repeated discharges of artillery.

The firing was chiefly from the parapet of *les Invalides*, which though within the walls, may be called in the fields, and a considerable distance from the busy parts of the town. By accident our author made an experiment which deserves to be stated.

The explosion of firing a cannon had always produced a remarkable painful sensation on his ear; but, if he approached *les Invalides*, it was not to be avoided. While at some distance, he observed, that if he watched the flash, which always precedes the report, the pain occasioned by this explosion, was greatly diminished. On repetition he fixed his attention more entirely on the light, and the distance of time at which the report must follow; and at last, though he was beside the cannon, the sensation was scarcely disagreeable.

He concluded that the pain had not formerly been produced by an imbecility in the organization of the ear to receive so rude a shock, but that, by coming unexpectedly, it occasions a revolution or excess of motion, perhaps in what are called the nerves, perhaps in the lymph, or probably in some more subtle and undiscovered fluid,

On this parapet of *les Invalides* were the four figures of slaves, the types of four enslaved nations, which had ornamented the ox and frog monument of that chief of the Bobadils, Lewis XIV. in *le Place des Victories*.

THE HORSES BROUGHT FROM VENICE.

Mr. Holcroft forgets whether the horses in bronze, which were brought from Constantinople by the Venetians, from Venice by the French, and which are now in *la Place du Carrousel*, were then removed from *les Invalides*, but there he saw them after his arrival in Paris, 1801. It matters little, says he, whether they should be placed before an hospital for invalids, or a

palace for a General-First-Consul, but the thing worth remarking is, that no man can promise himself any portable object shall be stationary in Paris. Their immense library, which it will be the labour of years to remove, newly arrange, and class, is to be displaced; nobody yet knows how, when, or whence, but it was determined the thing should be done.

The public expectation had been greatly raised by the magnificent promises of the program concerning the ballet-pantomime with machinery; and of another still more grand, to be performed after the illumination became general. Of the program the following is a brief abstract:

“At six o’clock the illumination shall begin.

“At seven the *conservatoire* assembled in the temple of peace, with the musicians of the orchestras of the opera, and of the other theatres, shall execute a concert of select pieces. The concert ended, on a theatre a hundred and twenty feet wide, which shall occupy the centre of *le Carré de Marigni*, shall be represented *à grand spectacle*, with dances, combats, and military evolutions, the subject of which shall be the triumph of the Bacchantes.”

The ceremonies took place according to this order, and several accidents occurred before their termination.

ACCOUNT OF THE FESTIVAL.

On this day (Sept. 23) the discharges of artillery were more frequent than they had been even on the first of *Vendémiaire*. Nor were the guns of *les Invalides* sufficient; there was a kind of cock-boat lying near *le Pont des Tuileries*, fitted up and rigged like a frigate, and pompously called by that name. This mighty man of war kept firing salutes every half hour, greatly to the astonishment of the Parisians, who, while they listened and looked, entered into discussions, details, and descriptions of a naval engagement.

This frigate was built at *Calais*; and by coasting to Havre, had been brought up the Seine. It was a speculative toy, for which the builder hoped to be rewarded. The First Consul gave him nearly three hundred pounds, and made him commander of the vessel.

It was the afternoon of the 18th of *Brumaire*, and the workmen still eagerly employed, fearful lest their labours should not be accomplished in time for the evening illumination.

The evening sets in, and all begins to be in readiness; the lamp-lighters are at work, the gates that lead to the gardens of the Tuileries are removed; yet the press of people is so great that there is danger in the passage; but curiosity will venture,

women will bring their children abroad, and government will continue to move this mountainous and overwhelming ocean.

Coaches on the day of festival were forbidden to pass the streets. There was one exception, which was intended for a marked compliment to the people of England: the carriage of the Marquis Cornwallis was permitted, in order that our ambassador might have a better view of the splendour of the Seine.

In *la Place de la Concorde*, though not of much greater extent than Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, cities were to be besieged, citadels to be bombarded, ramparts overthrown, towers levelled to earth, and a general conflagration was to drive men, women, and children, to take refuge in temples.

Mr. Holcroft looked in vain to see the cities, and towns, and towers and temples; he could no where find them. He found only something consisting of painted boards and canvas, such as the best theatre in the *Boulevards* would have been ashamed to exhibit as the whole extent and power of their scenery.

The rains of the season had filled this vast place with mud; troops of sweepers had been employed in clearing and strewing it with sand; the task was beyond their power; the mud and sand were soon amalgamated by feet so innumerable, and the people themselves found the sight did not reward them for the trouble of cleaning their shoes. No woman in Paris, Mr. Holcroft observes, ever dirties her petticoats, be the weather fair or foul; she always takes care to hold them too high.

Every where a blaze of light presented itself! The banks of the Seine and the *Pont Neuf* were truly astonishing! The quays, the parapets, the surface of the bridge, with all its lofty and extensive temporary arches were faced and flanked with lights. There appeared to be no intermission, no vacuity, no repose for the eye. To add to the broad magnificence, the still waters of the Seine acted as a mirror; and by reflection doubled that which was before infinite.

Our author here observes that no festival ever takes place at Paris without the loss of a number of lives, which the people regard with an apathy truly illustrious of their frivolous character. This leads him to a digression on a melancholy event which happened on the marriage of Louis XVI., and which, though a quotation, must be read with high interest. "The grandest fire-works that have ever been known, were this evening exhibited in the square of Lewis XV. at Paris, in honour of the Dauphin's marriage; but the fatal catastrophe that marked this exhibition, will long be remembered with horror and regret. It appears that the plan of the fire-works was so vast, that it exceeded the powers of the engineer to regulate all its parts, and

to restrain its effects ; and some of the apparatus having exceeded his intention, or playing off untimely, threw sheets of fire upon the people.

“ The dreadful consequences that ensued from this alarm, might in a great measure be imputed to the inattention of the magistrates. In the first place, there was no scaffold erected for the convenience of the spectators ; and in the next, the communications between the *Place de Louis XV.* and the *Boulevards*, which consist of three streets, were in a manner blocked up : That on the left hand, the *Rue la Bonne Morue*, being narrow, was rendered impassable by the coaches ; that on the right, called *Rue St. Florentin*, in which the Count St. Florentin, secretary of state, has his residence, and in whose department the care of this metropolis is, and by whose order the fire-works were exhibited, for the convenience of himself and friends, his excellency would not permit the populace to pass ; and this being the principal thoroughfare from the *Palace of Lewis XV.*, where the fire-works were exhibited to the *Boulevards*, there was only the middle street free for the foot-passengers.

“ The astonishing multitude that had crowded to see the fire-works, being seized with a panic, upon finding a hurry and confusion, for which the greater part of them were unable to account, endeavoured to escape through this narrow street, which they soon jammed up in such a manner as to make it impassable. The confusion increased to such a degree that one trampled over another, till the people lay one upon another in heaps ; those who were undermost stabbed those who lay above them, in order to disengage themselves. The pick-pockets and robbers availed themselves of the confusion, and many ladies had their ear-rings torn out of their ears. A scaffold erected near the palace of Bourbon broke down with the weight of the spectators, who all fell into the river. There were above a hundred drowned at *St. Cloud*, but many bodies were driven beyond that place. The carnage was dreadful. It is computed that not less than three thousand were either killed, wounded, or rendered cripples during the remainder of their days.

“ The humanity of the new married pair on this melancholy occasion, cannot be sufficiently applauded. The Dauphin, in the first transports of his grief, gave all the money settled for his month's expences toward the relief of the sufferers, and in this act of generosity he was followed by the Dauphiness, whose mind was so deeply impressed with the relation of what had happened, it was with difficulty she could be kept from fainting. His majesty was also greatly affected, and issued orders that no expence might be spared to succour and assist the miserable,

In short, such a scene of real distress never before presented itself.

“ His majesty (Louis XV.) ordered 100,000 livres to be expended toward the relief the unfortunate persons who were hurt, or have lost their relations in the confusion, on the night of the city fire-works. The dauphiness also contribute l.”

The misery of the scene was beyond the power of description. An Englishman who was present informed our author, that the heart-rending cries from relations, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and wives who came to seek the dead, and who were kept off by the soldiers stationed for that purpose, were too piercing to be endured: he was obliged to hurry away.

The Bourbon palace, or *Palais du Corps Legislatif*, is opposite *la Place de la Concorde*, where the mischief happened; but wholly distinct from it, being on the other side of the river. At this place a scaffold broke down, and plunged such numbers into the river, that above a hundred dead bodies were taken up, being caught by the nets of *St. Cloud*. These nets are only down during night; consequently what the number was that passed down the stream, it is impossible to tell.

HABITUAL NEGLIGENCE OF THE FRENCH.

To show that there is a habitual negligence in the French character, Mr. Holcroft introduces the two following anecdotes.

The *Pont Notre Dame* was built in 1412, by permission of the monks of *St. Magloire*, who were lords of the manor; and on the 25th of November 1490, owing to the culpable negligence of the municipal officers, the bridge fell, and four or five hundred persons perished.

It was on this bridge that the ecclesiastical infantry of the league passed in review before the legate, June 3, 1590. Capuchins, minimies, cordeliers, jacobins, carmelites, and feuillans, all armed, marched four by four, and the reverend bishop of *Senlis* at their head with a spontoon. The curates performed the functions of sergeant-majors. Some of these military men, without recollecting that their muskets were loaded with ball, thought proper to salute the legate, and killed one of his almoners by his side. His eminence finding it began to grow too hot at this review, bestowed his benediction on them in haste, and departed.

The body of Louis XV., the miserable victim of revenge, insanity, and faction, was buried at the church, where the two hundred, that portion of the multitude trampled to death at his wedding, were exposed.

In the course of his dissertation on the manners of the French people, Mr. Holcroft relates the following anecdote of *Chateau*

Briand: This gentleman, who has gained a certain degree of celebrity, by a certain degree of real talent in his novel entitled *Attala*, and still more by the eccentricity and caprice of his religious opinions; who has affirmed in his work on Christianity, that God is the great Old Bachelor of the universe—*Chateau Briand*, an emigrant, who resided several years in England, where he was treated with a part at least, of that respect which is due to the exiled and unfortunate stranger—*Chateau Briand*, to characterize an English audience at a theatre, has instanced a sailor drinking punch in the pit. We do not think, however, that this account is overstrained. We have ourselves often seen sailors drinking gin in the boxes.

FEMALE DELICACY.

In the spring of 1802, Mr. Holcroft received a very polite note from a lady, at whose house he visited, particularly requesting to see him.

He went: her maid informed him the lady was in the warm bath, but that she would announce his arrival. She returned and led him to a kind of closet, where her mistress was up to the chin in water. He knew the manners of the place, and that custom had robbed this incident of that strange impropriety which would have been attached to it by an English lady.

What the lady had to communicate was, that a Frenchman of the name of *Plevé*, she had been assured had been sent over to England by the French government. This gentleman was dispatched to England for the purpose of employing the means of bribery to silence those English journals which had indulged themselves too much in the freedom of remark on the conduct of the first consul. This lady was desirous that Mr. Holcroft should convey the intelligence she gave him to the editors of the English journals.

It was with difficulty he could persuade her, that should there be any editor disposed to receive the bribes of France, which he had a strong persuasion there was not, such a man would not be deterred by his remonstrance.

FRENCH OPINION OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

A French gentleman asserted that the marking feature of the English was dullness. He had visited England, and gave the following proof of the truth of his remark.

I entered the Mall in St. James's Park, sat down on one of the benches by the side of an Englishman. Being a stranger, I expected that the person who was in his own country would address a foreigner.

“ The Englishman never opened his lips.

“ If he will not speak first,” said I to myself, “ he will at least be glad to fall into conversation with me when I begin.”—‘ It is a fine day, Sir,’ said I. He looked at the sky, considered a few seconds, and answered—‘ Yes, Sir.’

I sat another ten minutes, hoping the oracle would speak: it was dumb. ‘ Pray, Sir,’ said I, ‘ what is it o’clock?’ He leisurely pulled out his watch, looked at it, took time to consider if it was right, and answered—‘ Past twelve.’ Another silence ensued: I was quite vexed, and asked him, ‘ which way was the wind?’

He looked for the smoke and the riding of the clouds; could see neither, and answered, ‘ I don’t know, Sir.’ And this, said the Frenchman, was the whole of an English conversation of about half an hour’s continuance. Mr. Holcroft very properly observes, that the questions he put deserved the very answers he received.

AFFECTATION OF LEARNING.

To attempt to surprize by an affectation of literary and scientific acquirement, is a thing common in France, even among the vulgar and the illiterate.

The following instances occurred to Mr. Holcroft. Being at the house of a friend one evening, who had sent for a common fiddler to play, that his children might dance, he took up and looked at the man’s violin. The owner thus addressed him with a very serious air:—“ Oh, Sir, it is not worth much; it is not made on mathematical principles.” ‘ Do you understand mathematics,’ said he. The answer was, “ Yes; but I have neglected my studies.” Our author questioned the man farther, and learned that he could scarcely read.

Going one day through the passage on *le Quay des Quatres Nations*, he saw a beggar remarkable for the tatters in his coat, addressing an old lady, who stood at a shop, and as he passed, heard him sentimentally exclaim—“ Ah, Madame, there is no philosophy without money.”

We are told that barbers, taylors, shoemakers, nay, shoe-cleaners, all have made their studies; all understand their trade *à fond* (to the very bottom); all work according to principle; yet every man who is truly informed of the state of the mechanical arts, well knows how far behind the workmen in England the workmen are in France.

A friend who was building a house, desired the architect would take special care that the chimneys should not smoke. The man looked at him with surprise:

“ That, Sir, is no affair of mine.”

‘ How! not your affair.’

“No certainly, Sir; it is the business of the chimney-docr.”

We are next presented by our author with a copy of a corn-cutter's shop-bill. It is dictated in a style of the most laughable pomposity; yet we are assured, that the shop of Shakespear's apothecary was magnificence itself, to the apparatus of this scientific man.

The following is a copy of the bill of a person still more profoundly versed in science.

“*Chamois*, experimental philosopher, and his spouse, acknowledging the confidence with which the public honour them, give notice, that they still successively continue to develope the chain of the events of life, fortunate or unfortunate; a precious knowledge, useful for the enjoyment of happiness, or to repel the effects of misfortune by the means of a physical tablet of the lines of the hands, and of the physiognomy. They announce the present, the past, and the future; be it for inheritance, marriage, news, loss, law-suit, family affairs, &c. They leave nothing more to desire. They possess secrets of which they are the sole proprietors.

“He is visible every day at home, or his spouse, from seven in the morning till six in the evening. His name is on the door.

“N. B. They give numbers for the national lottery.”

GASCONADE.

A Parisian drew in the street upon a Gascon by whom he had been insulted. The Gascon calling a chimney-sweeper, and giving him a sous, said,—“Here, take this and go to the sexton: tell him to ring a knell, and come for that dead body.” pointing to the Parisian. ‘Lord, Sir,’ replied the messenger, ‘it seems to me the gentleman is in good health.’—“Very true,” answered the Gascon:—“but did not you hear him challenge me?”

ANECDOTE OF COLBERT AND A GASCON.

Colbert, beyond doubt, was one of the greatest ministers France ever possessed. A Gascon officer having obtained a gratification of a hundred and fifty pistoles from Louis XIV. in 1680, went in search of Colbert, that the sum might be paid. The minister was at dinner with three or four nobles, and the Gascon, without introduction, entered the dining-room with that effrontery which the air of *La Garonne* inspires; and with an accent that did not belye his country. Approaching the table, he asked aloud,—“Gentlemen, with permission, pray which of you is Colbert?”

‘ I am that person,’ said the minister, ‘ what is it you require?’

“ Oh, no great affair,” said the other; “ a trifling order of his majesty to pay me five hundred crowns.”

Colbert, who was in a humour to amuse himself, desired the Gascon to take a seat at table, ordered him a cover, and promised to expedite his business after dinner.

The Gascon accepted the offer without the least ceremony, and ate inordinately. Having dined, the minister sent for one of his secretaries, who took the officer to the treasury.

Here a hundred pistoles were counted and given him, on which he observed the sum was a hundred and fifty. “ True,” replied the secretary; “ but fifty are retained for your dinner.”

‘ Fifty!’ replied the Gascon; ‘ fifty pistoles for a dinner! Where I dine I pay but twenty sous.’

“ That I can very well believe,” replied the secretary, “ but you do not dine with the minister Colbert, and that is the honour for which you must pay.”

‘ Oh, very well,’ replied the Gascon, ‘ since that is the case, keep the whole; it is not worth my while to accept a hundred pistoles; I will bring one of my friends to-morrow, and we will eat up the remainder.’

This discourse was reported to Colbert, who admired the gasconade, and ordered the full sum to the officer. In all probability this was his whole wealth; but Colbert afterward did him many good offices. The story was told to Louis XIV. and it was allowed that none but a Gascon was capable of such an act.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

The place so called is adjoining to, and as a picture, forms a whole with *la Place de la Concorde*, the magnificence of which is already described. *Les Champs Elysées* are divided by the spacious road, with its two avenues, that leads to *St. Germain en Laye*. You enter them by passing between lofty pedestals, on the top of which are the statues of Castor and Pollux, bridling their impatient steeds. They are skirted on the south by the river Seine, and by another spacious road that leads to Versailles, with its adjoining alleys. The surrounding objects are most of them grand, and the mass itself, that is trees contained in *les Champs Elysées*, which form the mass, corresponds in grandeur.

The picture, however, is only true when seen at a distance; for being in *les Champs Elysées*, and inquiring into the beauties and defects of the place, it seems difficult to conceive how so much labour and expence could have been bestowed upon a plan so barren in invention, so destitute of variety, and so fatiguing from its monotony to the eye.

The company is as discordant as the place. Young and old; well-dressed and ragged; clean and dirty, meet in numbers when the weather is fine; and be the coat new or old, the gown or petticoat white or brown, they seat themselves on the grass or in the dust, with seemingly equal indifference; or saunter among the trees, or sip their beverage, or follow their pastimes, till twilight warns them home. Through the day, till the approach of evening, when the earth is not damp, idle fellows are seen lying here and there, sleeping on their folded arms; or on the bank, with the face covered by the hat. These are the appearances, and these the pleasures of their ELYSIAN FIELDS, which, were a Parisian in a foreign country, and deprived of them, to describe, how would the Elysium of the poets sink in the comparison!

This parade of words influences the whole system of action, and the influence is sometimes good, sometimes bad.

ECONOMICAL PROFUSION.

The following anecdote was related to our author, by a person who witnessed the scene.

One evening, company came in unexpectedly at the lodgings of an officer. "Bless me," exclaimed the mistress of the house, "what shall I do? They are my friends, I know they will expect to stay supper, and I have absolutely nothing to give them."

A maid who had lived with her from infancy, which, as a result of the feudal system, used to be common in France, seeing the distress of her mistress, and possessing, in a high degree, the faculty of making much of little, asked her mistress what money she had? "Oh," replied the lady, "none scarcely; I have only a fifteen sous piece, and three liards," less than tenpence. "Give it me quickly," said the maid.

Away the girl went, and presently the table was brought, the clean cloth and the silver forks and spoons arranged, bread, butter, a *Neufchatel* cheese, a sallad, two plates thinly strewed with strawberries, and a ragout of something like bare bones, covered the board. The shew was quite respectable; an appearance of many things, though there was nothing to eat; and the girl, with great apparent vexation, blamed herself for her negligence, "she had been so forgetful, and the shops were now all shut; it was shameful of her! Her lady was the most hospitable lady on earth; it was no fault of hers; for her strict orders were to be always well provided."

NATIONAL TRAITS.

The embraces of the French are very characteristic. If two

persons meet who have a real affection for each other, and have been separated for any length of time, they kiss very cordially on the two cheeks, a kiss on the lips in public, is reckoned an indecency. A kiss on the forehead is often a mark of tenderness and kind feeling.

EMBRACE OF LADIES.

When two ladies meet, after a certain length of absence, be it in the street or house, they do not fail to embrace, especially if it be Sunday; but it is always after having mutually demanded permission. They then lightly touch each other's cheek, and drop a polite, that is, a formal curtsy.

WIVES OF SHOP-KEEPERS.

In France, among shop-keepers, the women generally attend on and serve the customers; it is agreeable to both parties. The wife dresses herself for exhibition, sits in her shop, and has generally a succession of indolent and gallant men, the husbands of other wives, who are dressed, seated, and acting the same part, that come and gossip with them, respecting the common routine of tattle, with as much of amorous interlocution as the parties shall think proper.

There are exceptions to this practice: many husbands stay at home and mind their business; but the shops are few in which the wife does not take a principal share. An Englishman whimsically observed, the wives may be called the active, and the husband the sleeping partners in the concern.

LAP-DOGS.

Another trifling custom is in the number and treatment of lap-dogs. They fondle them like children, kiss them, and suffer them to lick the lips of their master or mistress, as a mutual enjoyment. Where one woman can be seen in Paris carrying an infant, ten or a hundred men may be met, with each a little dog under his arm; or if it be in a public walk, on a fine day, running at his heels; the less he is, the more he is *joli* and *gentil*.

Calling one morning on a French gentleman, Mr. Holcroft found him extended on the sofa, with his lap-dog by his side, which he was combing and talking to in the most condoling and plaintive gibberish. He rose as he entered, and exclaimed—"Ah, Sir, you find me in great affliction!" "Indeed; what is the matter?" "My poor dog is ill! so very ill, I have just given him a pill, and if he does not get better to-morrow, he must have a glyster."

Dogs advertised as lost, form the commonest of hand-bills in the class of lost effects. In one of these bills, the finder was

told, that the dog had a disease, for which none but the owner knew the remedy.

POPULATION.

The city of Paris is too far from the sea to be commercial; yet its population, London excepted, is the greatest of any city in Europe. However, its population has often been doubled in report; it has been called a million; whereas five hundred thousand is the nearest round number.

Five hundred thousand is an immense multitude, a great mass of which must exist by some kind of employment. It has no large manufactories; Manchester or Birmingham, with scarcely a fifth part of the inhabitants, have either of them tenfold more of manufacturing hands.

PLEASURE THE STAPLE OF PARIS.

The staple trade for the employment of the multitude in Paris, is PLEASURE! The trades that supply the common necessities of life, occupies its place in this as in other cities; but the only resort of the supernumeraries is that of administering pleasures. The administering to old pleasures, the endeavours to vary them, and the search after new, form the business perhaps of a majority of the inhabitants.

The attracting of so vast a multitude to one city, in which there is neither commerce, nor large and staple manufactories, must teach the poor to live upon small earnings, and induce many thousands to exercise their cunning, their ingenuity, or their genius, as it may happen, in the invention of tricks, in trifling decorations, or in meritorious efforts of skill.

Converse with a Frenchman, says Mr. Holcroft, concerning Paris, and the first and the last things of which he will vaunt, will be its pleasures. Praise any other city, Madrid or Naples, London or Rome, and all of them are dull: they do not possess the pleasures of Paris; they want its grand opera, its gardens, its Elysian Fields, its *Boulevards*, not one of which he can possibly forget. *Il n'y a qu'un Paris!* is the continual exclamation of a Frenchman who has inhabited that city, and is led to compare it with others. To him there is no world but France, and France itself is all comprised in Paris.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONTRASTED.

After a long train of reasoning on the national characteristics of the French and English, it would be but the affectation of candour, nay it would be vicious, says our author, were I to conceal what I suppose to be the indubitable fact; that in those arts which are most useful, in those manners which are most rational, and in that public government and private order, that poli-

tical and individual economy, which can best secure happiness, the French are unfortunately far behind the English. Could I speak this in triumph I should despise myself. According to historians, the Franks were a race distinct from the Gauls, whom they subdued; yet read the character of the Gauls, as given by Cæsar, and you will there find many of the marks by which the modern French are still distinguished.

It is a common doctrine says our author among the French politicians, as well of those who make a part of, or agree in sentiment with the government, as it is of those who complain of, or are in opposition to its measures, that government in France seeks its own security, by seeking to amuse, that is, to direct the attention of the people. All governments are anxious to obtain permanent power, and all permanent power originates and exists in the people. A governor is reduced to the level of individual strength, when others do not act with him, and the greater the number and power, physical and moral, of his coadjutors, the greater and more formidable he their leader becomes. Can it be doubted then, that the interest of a government is to turn the attention of the people, not to objects that encourage indolence and want of thought, but to every thing that can give them perseverance, stability and firmness of character.

FRENCH BOXING DERIVED FROM THE PRACTICE IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Holcroft half suspects that boxing is a step in *civilization* which other nations in their progress are destined to take. The two first times he was in Paris, he witnessed violent disputes; in some of which there was much pulling of hair, but no thoughts of using the clenched fist. The last time however he more than once saw boys sparring, and was present at *la Porte St. Dennis* when two men made their utmost efforts to box. Those efforts indeed were feeble: their arms instead of being darted straight forward, were either raised up to fall like the fist of a methodist preacher who beats his cushion, or swung round, so that if the man struck at received the blow, it must be because he would not remove. The mob too began to behave, as it were, in imitation of the English: they gave the combatants room, and seemed to superintend and participate in their valour. The contests however were very short: by some unlucky accident, one of their noses bled, and the women would endure it no longer!

We are informed, that the revolution had so great an effect on the imagination of the boys of Paris, that they used to assemble in every street, and march with their drums, wooden sabres made sharp, and pikes of tin. They made a procession

in the Luxembourg gardens, and on one of these pikes, bore the *head of a cat*, guilty of the murder of a canary bird!

INSTANCE OF FINE FEELING.

The following circumstance happened, while Mr. Holcroft was in Paris: One day on the parade in the court of the Tuileries, a soldier failed in some point of exercise, from having drunk a little too much in the morning, for this he was reproved, sent from the ranks, and informed he should never more have the honour to parade before Buonaparte. The sentence was so humiliating in the eye of the regiment, and the poor fellow was so affected by it, that he shot himself. A proof that the susceptibility of the French is sudden and violent.

REMARKS ON THE FRENCH MILITARY.

There is a degree of familiarity between a French soldier and his officer, which exists perhaps, in no other military service. In the field he will discuss the advantages of encampment and situation; and in the day of battle, will point to the place which he supposes in danger, and advise evolutions proper to be made: this he will do with a chance of having his advice followed, and himself promoted for his discernment or bravery. The quick feelings of a Frenchman can never be so subdued as for him to bear drilling like the patient German, or the Russian soldier.

RUSSIAN APATHY.

The tame submission of the Russians is indeed incredible. The following anecdote was told our author by the celebrated Prussian, *M. Von Archenholtz*, who, at the time it happened, was a captain in the Prussian service, and a witness of the fact.

During the seven years war, *Schweidnitz* was besieged by the Russians: the defence was obstinate: the Russian commander could only take the place by assault, and there was a moat which must be crossed. For this purpose, the Russian soldiers were ordered to the attack through the moat, till it was filled up with the numbers of the dead; and succeeding corps then marched over them and took the city!

TRIAL BY ORDEAL.

To prove that hope is not so extravagant as to some it may seem, our author quotes examples of the absurdities practised by early ages in their *administration of Justice!* viz. *the appeal to the judgment of God by the cross; the trial or judgment of God by cold water, &c.*

In the thirteenth century, a man who was accused, refused

to subject himself to the trial by fire: alleging as his motive, that he was not an empiric. The judge reasoned with him to submit to the law, to which he replied, "I will willingly take the burning iron; provided I receive it from your hands." The judge, astonished at the proposal, and not in the least inclined to the experiment, decided, that men ought not to tempt God.

"The iron and instruments used in these proofs were consecrated, and kept in churches that were *privileged for that purpose* and the profit of the practice was a motive for endeavouring to render it general."

"The people of Siam had a still more whimsical mode. To determine in favour of justice, civil or criminal, the parties were sentenced to swallow certain purgative pills; and he whose stomach could retain them longest, was judged victorious*."

As we have given in our preceding volume an ample account of the mountebanks of Paris, from the pen of Kotzebue, we shall pass over the remarks of Mr. Holcroft on the same subject though they are by no means uninteresting.

DOMESTIC SINGULARITIES.

Nations, says Mr. Holcroft, have their distinctive varieties, and the wealth of nations is exhausted in their gratification. The saving of labour in objects the most trifling, is so generally encouraged, that an Englishman must have a machine to spare the labour of his arm, if it be but to draw a cork. In France, the very opposite habit is inordinate; the most common conveniences, are numbers of them wanting. Instead of that profusion of utensils to which the English are accustomed, a thing so necessary as a pepper-box, is only to be found at a few tables; if pepper be asked for, it is brought in a saucer, and is often sprinkled with the finger and thumb, nay a man runs some risk in many a reputable family of losing his dinner, if he do not bring a knife and fork in his pocket: yet table spoons and heavy four-pronged forks of silver, are common to every decent family: and every person has a clean napkin at dinner, though all wipe their forks and dirty clasp-knives that are never brightened, on their bread. However, a few of the fashionable and wealthy, are adopting as many of the English customs as they know, and as their manners will permit. And it is highly gratifying to perceive, that great as these inconsistencies still are, they are diminishing.

LUDICROUS EMBARRASSMENT.

When Mr. Holcroft first visited Paris, among other persons

* St. Foix vol. iii. p. 184.

of that class he was acquainted with a young nobleman, who afterward fell, a commander in the revolution, and whose name out of respect he has omitted. Desirous to oblige our author, he invited him to breakfast, and though he bore no title, he thought proper to add to his name *un savant Anglois*. He willingly accepted the invitation; and on the appointed morning went to his hotel. Though married, *Madame la Marquise* was with her relations: and he appeared to live as a bachelor. When he inquired, the Swiss informed him he was not up, but called the footman, who shewed him to his chamber. The nobleman apologised, and by his manner, he seemed to have forgotten the appointment. He dressed himself, spoke to his footman, sent him away, and told our author breakfast would soon be ready.

The footman presently returned and whispered his master, who again ordered him to go and bring the breakfast.

The man came back empty handed a second time and a third; the only breakfast he intended to give, was a bottle of wine, bread, and some apples or grapes, but even these were not to be had. The Marquis had no money, was probably in arrear, and the insolent Swiss absolutely refused to pledge his credit for him any farther.

The distressed good natured Marquis, made his excuse to our author, and was obliged to go himself: his remonstrances were then effectual, and the bread and wine at length were brought.

DRESS OF THE LOWER ORDERS.

The neighbourhood and connection of the great and the little, or of grandeur and beggary, is every where visible, wherever grandeur in France erects its standard. The dress of the common people has an air of extreme meanness; it is of coarse materials, worn, and often patched. In the men it generally consists of a jacket, or waistcoat with sleeves, the breeches knees loose, the legs sometimes without stockings, and in winter, *sabots* or shoes of wood, instead of leather. The women wear a corset or *camisole*, that is, a kind of jacket and petticoat, linen or woollen, dirty or clean, with sleeves or without, *sabots* or slippers, no stays, no hat, and sometimes stockings, sometimes not: yet the want of stockings excepted, no meanness of dress, or rags, exclude them from the museums, gardens, and public places.

RESIDENCE OF THE ARTISTS IN THE LOUVRE.

Mr. Holcroft was acquainted with, and visited several of the artists who lived in the Louvre; the apartments in which they lived were spacious; but to arrive there, in some instances, was

to proceed up dark and dirty stairs, through desolate galleries and corridors, where bare rafters, rude beams, unfinished walls, and every appearance of wretchedness had combined; and which, the first time they were seen, afforded a picture of dangerous ruins; such only as robbers and desperate banditti would dare to inhabit.

The first time he wandered up these night-bird stair cases, it was in search of a man of genius. Gerard, by birth an Italian, and already one of the most eminent artists of France. He was luckily directed in his search by some of the stray scholars of David, who happened to be returning from the painting-room, where they pursued their studies. The custom of warm bathing is very common in France; Gerard was then in his chamber-bath when our author was conducted to him. He was requested to amuse himself for a few minutes in the room where some of Gerard's works were hung. There his difficulties were well repaid by a view of his portrait of Madame Bonaparte, his Bellisarius, and by other of his performances.

What Saint Cloud may at present be our author does not pretend to know, but when he left Paris, there was no palace or public structure of any kind, that had the least pretension to order, the palace of the Tuileries excepted. Yet even here, where government, ostentation, and Bonaparte had fixed their residence, the gardens were partitioned off, not by so much even as a clean and well-painted Chinese railing, but by a slight and dirty guard of lath. At the part nearest the palace, however, an iron palisade was begun; that it will ever be completed is exceedingly problematical.

VISIT TO COUNT DE GEBELIN.

When first at Paris, a literary friend proposed to introduce Mr. Holcroft to the celebrated *Count de Gebelin*, who published so many quarto volumes on the subject of language and grammatical enquiry. He had been honoured with the prize by the French academy, and placed at the head of a museum. Being introduced, he first shewed him his study; it was a small apartment with a few book shelves, chiefly filled with manuscript volumes of his *Monde Primitif*, and other productions, which, as the works of an individual, were sufficiently voluminous. Mr. Holcroft led to the topic of the museum, and he described the plan of the institution, not only to be a cabinet of curiosities, but a place where students assembled for the pursuits of philosophy.

After this preface they were taken to the saloon itself, which as usual was magnificent, superb, grand; their surprise was indeed great; but it was not at the stones and natural curiosi-

ties it contained: of these it was absolutely empty, a single fossil bone excepted: nothing was to be seen but a large hall, with a number of wooden benches.

Mr. Holcroft's disappointment was great; and his reflections on the national habit of ostentatious promise and pomp of language, and on the alliance of the little and the great, were strongly sarcastic.

TREATMENT OF THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE CONTRASTED.

Opposite customs produce opposite modes of thinking and reciprocal censure. The English are accused by the French of neglecting the women, of despising their conversation, and of quitting their society for the contemptible practice of drinking; by which the blood is inflamed, the fine sensibilities of the mind debased, and the health of generations contaminated. Serious and true as the charge is, we have the consolation that it is an evil which is daily decreasing. The English draw a different picture of the French, which is no less true. If the French say they do not insult the women by neglect, they commit a still greater injury; they degrade them by dissimulation; they encourage them in coquetry: they train them to intrigue; and by pretending that adoration is their due, encourage them in a variety of practices by which the progress of mind is retarded, and the peace of families every day destroyed. And by babbling with women, the men themselves become babblers; they trifle till they are triflers, they teach dissimulation till the characteristics of sincerity are confounded and lost: by the encouragement of coquetry, they have confirmed themselves a nation of male coquets.

ROYAL COURTEZANS.

In French history, the succession of royal mistresses is perhaps as complete as, and certainly much more numerous than that of queens. To be the royal favourite, was an honour for which every handsome woman at court contended. And the royal example was held to be of so much importance, that every courtier who wished to flatter the monarch, thought it a kind of duty publicly to keep a mistress. From this no other duties however sacred, could exempt him: abbé, arch-bishop or cardinal, no matter whether he had desires or had not, if he sought notice or preferment, complied. Instead of being deemed an offence, the very compliance was itself courtly decorum. There was no blushing concealment in the custom; it was so firmly established, that it assumed all the etiquette of state.

Amongst some extracts from ancient French historians, which
HOLCROFT.]

Mr. Holcroft quotes to shew the eccentric character of the people, we find the following which are worth attention.

A decree was issued by the council of Magon, by which every layman, meeting a priest or deacon on the road, must present his neck to be trod upon, with several degrading rules to be observed, should he happen to be on horseback, &c. all under pain of being interdicted as long as it should please the metropolitan.

SOCIETY OF THE LOVER'S LEAGUE.

We are informed that during the reign of Philip V. there was a whimsical society of fanatics, called the *Lover's League*, who pretended to prove the excess of their passion by an invincible resistance to every rigour of the seasons. In obedience to their institutes, they wore little clothing in cold weather, and very much when the heat was at the greatest. In summer, large fires were made; in winter, flowers and foliage garnished their fire places.

This extravagant society continued till the greatest part of the lovers died of cold, declaiming on the constancy, force, and effervescence of their flame.

ANCIENT GALLANTRY

Of the gallantry of knights and dames of old, St. Foix relates many animated traits. For a specimen the following will suffice.

“As Francis the II. happened one day to be amusing himself by a combat of lions, a lady having let her glove fall, said to *De Lorges*, ‘If you wish me to believe you love me as much as you every day swear you do, go and bring back my glove.’ *De Lorges* went down among these terrible animals, took up the glove, returned, and threw it in the lady’s face; and, in despite of all her arts and advances, refused ever to visit her again.”

Such anecdotes are excellent to show the changes produced in manner, by the progress of time and knowledge.

We are informed by our author, that Henry IV., ardent as was his character, had a cold-blooded son and successor. Lewis XIII. is recorded to have been twice in love, and with ladies who both of them were meritorious for their chastity; but the phlegmatic and bigotted monarch was not very urgent. *Richelieu*, his minister, used every treacherous effort to prevent the rivalry of a favourite mistress; while the queen, attentive to her political designs, endeavoured to prevent the separation of her husband and his mistress, *Louise de la Fayette*, who it appears was in her interest.

The son of this monarch, Lewis XIV., was widely different from his father. His amours are now sufficiently known; at least the number of his mistresses, and what distinguishes them most from others was, that as they grew old, they all became devotees. After that period, it became a general fashion in France for women of gallantry, when they lost all hope of future conquests, to devote themselves to piety. Each was governed by her confessor, and under the tutelage of the holy man, and the safe-guard of her chosen protecting saint, she was for ever wedded to her Saviour.

I have no present intention, says Mr. Holcroft, either to war with or to offend any religious opinions; but am persuaded, every good man, whatever be his faith or sect, will join me in reprobating the creature of licentiousness, that, having exhausted its corporal powers, shall then unblushingly assume the title of the SPOUSE OF GOD. The cant engendered by ignorance, selfishness, and hypocrisy, is every where a curse.

FEMALE DEVOTEES.

Previous to the revolution, nothing was more common than for a lady that was deserted by her lover, to renounce the world, become devout, and to place herself under the direction of a confessor. To shew that the practice still prevails, Mr. Holcroft relates the following anecdote:

It was one evening related, that a lady known to the company, had at last taken a confessor. "Is it possible?" exclaimed a gentleman who had only seen her once.—"I did not think she had been so old!" In fine, she who, deserted by her lover, finds herself past her prime, takes a confessor to support her frail steps, as a lady in England does a gold-headed cane.

The devotion of *Madame de Maintenon* is still more celebrated than her predecessors. In her youth she had married the burlesque poet, *Scarron*; not as a husband, but as a resource against the miseries of want. She afterwards became the rival of her benefactress, *Madame de Montespan*, who introduced her at court. Louis XIV. was persuaded by his confessor to marry her, though he was then in the forty-eighth year of his age, and she two years older. She was buried in the choir of the chapel belonging to the convent of *St. Cyr*, and a most fulsome epitaph engraved on her tomb. She was called illustrious in her birth, her understanding, and her reason; commendable most especially for her solid virtue, and sincere piety; a second Esther, because she pleased the king; a second Judith, because she loved to pray. Such a tomb could not escape during the popular indignation against kings and priests: it fell with the rest, and the chapel was devoted to the uses of the prophane.

In July 1802, the bishop of Versailles again consecrated this chapel. The magistrates were present, and the "*O Salutaris Hostia*" of Gossec was sung. On the monument erected to the memory of *Madame de Maintenon*, an inscription is placed; but as it contains nothing very striking, we shall not transcribe it.

A tradesman with whom our author was acquainted, unusually regular and sedate in his manner, and in the vigour of life, was married to a handsome woman; they had several children, and she had every appearance of being mild, orderly, and regular in her conduct; yet this woman too had her *friend*, who was a young Englishman. Mr. Holcroft had been in parties and on little excursions with the family; and, when this happened, the husband used to walk and converse with him; while the wife was always arm in arm, and generally at some distance, with this good family friend.

And indeed nothing can be a greater proof of supposed ill-breeding, than that of a husband who should intrude upon and interfere with his wife in such affairs.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

We are told by our traveller, that traits of ancient usages, on every question of national manners, tend to elucidate, while they seldom fail to amuse. Afterwards we meet with many pleasing extracts from St. Foix, relative to ancient customs. The following is the substance:

"In 1559, people of all ranks were married at the church door. When Elizabeth of France, daughter of Henry II. married Philip the II. King of Spain, *Eustache de Bellay*, bishop of Paris, performed the celebration of the nuptials, at the church door of *Notre Dame*. Apparently it was then thought indecent to grant permission in the church itself for a man and woman to go to bed together.

"Formerly the bride and bridegroom were not allowed to go to bed until it had been blessed. It was a little additional perquisite for the priest. The priests of Picardy were very troublesome. They pretended the newly married could not, without their permission, sleep together for the three first nights after nuptials. An *arrêt* appeared March 19th, 1409, prohibiting the bishop of Amiens and the curates of that town, from exacting any more money from new married people on that pretence, and it further decreed, that the said inhabitants might so sleep, each with his bride, without permission from the bishop and his officers."

Mr. Holcroft is of opinion that if the history of the catholic clergy could be written with total impartiality, without anger and without fear, it would contain an instructive lesson to mankind!

FEMALE INDECENCY.

During the reign of Henry III., while the chiefs of the leaguers massacred or pillaged the royalists or the huguenots, “the *Chevalier d’Aumale*, one of the chiefs of the league, made parties of pleasure of these ceremonies, amused himself in the churches and the streets, by darting with a *sarbacanne*, musked sugar-plumbs at young ladies of his acquaintance, in the procession, and afterward gave them collations. His cousin, taking the name of *Sainte Beauve*, presided at these parties. She once attended a procession, cloathed only in transparent linen, and her bosom covered with an open fine lace. She appeared thus in the church of *St. John*, and permitted herself to be led under the arm, and to be felt and handled, much to the scandal of many who went with good intentions.

“At this period, nothing was to be seen in the streets of Paris but processions, and in the opinion of the faction of the league, the most indecent were the most devout and admirable. Many were composed of men, women, and ecclesiastics, who were either quite or nearly naked.”

We are informed by one of these devotees, that “on the 30th of January 1589, there were several processions, in which numbers of boys, girls, men, and women, all naked to the shirt; in such wise, that *God be praised*, the like was never seen before; and there were some parishes where more than five or six hundred persons were seen entirely stripped.

“On the morrow were similar processions, which, *God be praised*, daily increased in devotion.”

On these mad revels, *Dulaure* observes, that, “so great was the enthusiasm of processions, that the rigour of the season could not terrify the Parisians, who were determined to walk naked through the city. Much disorder was committed, especially in the nocturnal processions, when the youth of both sexes were promiscuously confounded.

We are next treated by our author, with a specimen of the remarkable traits of gross indecency, which formerly prevailed in proper names, &c. He also notices the difference between real and false delicacy. When I hear a man talk of his *small cloaths*, says he, I imagine I am in company with a fool, or the son of a washerwoman. Real delicacy results from a thorough acquaintance with the usages of the world, which bids us carefully avoid offending those usages; and from chastened, but unobtruding moral principles.

The French have increased so fast in gallantry, that though the word cuckold was of familiar use in time of *Molière*, as the comedies of that age abundantly prove; it appears as if it could

not now be listened to, without exciting disagreeable recollections in a whole audience. It is of the worst species of false delicacy to practise, and even to make a sport of vice, yet pretend to take offence at hearing it named.

After making an apology for treating the subject of indecency, and stating the probable good consequences that are likely to arise from a decisive detail of facts, our author proceeds: The actions in Paris which to Englishmen appear indecent, are many. Few of the French ladies when they walk, be the streets dirty or clean, fail to show their legs, and apparently by design, frequently above the garter.

Gentlemen are invited into their dressing rooms, where it is the common practice for them, to proceed to strip themselves above the waist to the shift, lay bare the bosom, and as they phrase it, make their toilet, while several men are present, who do not seem to know that any such scene is passing.

Our author leaves it for disputants to decide, whether the dresses of our stage-dancers, especially at the Opera-house, do or do not offend decency, but they are modest compared to the sisterhood at Paris, who wear a single transparent linen dress over drawers of flesh-coloured stuff, that are intended to make the spectator imagine no drawers are worn.

PRINTS AND PICTURES.

Prints and pictures, though not absolutely obscene, yet extremely offensive to manners that have the least pretension to decency, public or private, are openly exposed for sale: and what is remarkable, the mistress of the shop generally is the person to answer those who cheapen. That the women have no sense of shame or indelicacy on such occasions, Mr. Holcroft had many proofs.

When in search of lodgings, the mistress of a house took him to the first floor; in the principal apartment, as part of the furniture, was the print of a young lady extended on the bed, undressed, her linen raised, her back bare, her enamorado eagerly peeping through the door, and a maid holding the proper implement, and going to administer *un lavement*, very significantly inviting the lover to look.

In every street in Paris, though chiefly in the most retired, sacrifices in broad day are continually made to Cloacina. Mr. Holcroft has been one of five passengers at a time when three men were cowering against the wall; and which was more extraordinary, he passed a decently dressed woman performing the same ceremony at noon-day, and exposing herself under the walls of *Le College de Quatres Nations*, at the end of *la Rue Mazarin*.

CABINET D' AISANCE.

Being at a public garden, observes our traveller, on the *Boulevards*, and in search of that temple which the English expect to find half-concealed, I soon saw, for it was open to all eyes, the inscription—*Cabinet d'aisance*. By one token it might have been a cabinet council, for a guardian was seated at the door, and strange as it may be thought, a female guardian! I looked, and Englishman like, hesitated. With a truly French quickness, she divined my embarrassment, and fearful of losing her perquisite, exclaimed—“*Entrez, Monsieur, entrez,*” presenting me, as she spoke, with a sheet of some unfortunate author's production. She did not once rise from her seat. Hearing, seeing, and the other senses are accustomed to take no offence. She accepted her penny, and I walked away, overflowing with reflection, and endless questions of whys and wherefores, decency and indecency, right and wrong; what is wisdom and what is folly, and where the bounding line by which they are divided may be found?

For relating these and similar incidents, our author apologises by observing, that it is not by assertions, but by facts that manners can be understood; and if facts must be concealed because they are offensive to the imagination, though the knowledge of them may contribute to correct error, and lead to useful and essential enquiries, the imagination is a prude, that has rather the semblance than the reality of virtue. *Il faut obéir à la nature*, is a favourite maxim with the French nation.

REMARKS ON DRESS AND MANNERS.

Dress and fashions are intimately connected with decency. The French made various remarks on the dress of a Scotch officer who gained admission in his national uniform on a public day in the palace of the Tuileries. It is strange that such a costume should not be discontinued. Habits are inveterate, otherwise English decency would certainly be quite as much offended by this dress as that of the French could be.

It is almost ungenerous to retort, continues our author, yet who can forbear? Among the English, men do not, in the pit at the play-house, as they do in France, offer books for sale, that contain prints too odious to recollect. Boys do not follow, and by various arts force attention, then whisper invitations to brothels, and——

Mr. Holcroft had once occasion to call on *Picard*, a good actor, and one of the best comic writers now in France. After being announced, he was desired to walk into his apartment, and there lay the author and his wife, in a bed without curtains,

their heads raised, and with their night-caps on, though he was quite a stranger.

Mr. Holcroft's family were intimately acquainted with two young ladies whose names will not be lost to history, they having served as *aides-de-camp* to *Dumourier*. They are the daughters of a Batavian officer of some distinction. Their manners were gentle, their conduct prudent, and their characters unimpeachable; yet they made no scruple to put on male attire, mount on horseback, and thus pay visits to their friends.

The changeable, the dissatisfied, and the capricious efforts of vanity, flattered and excited by the desire of gain, in the traders employed on male and female dress, sufficiently account for those incessant variations of fashion by which so much human labour, that might be employed in grand and useful works, is wasted.

The *Journal de Paris* reports, that "under Francis I. the change was extreme: Instead of the flowing robe, the pantaloon was adopted, which was so fitted to the body, that it became indecent. This induced graver people to change it for the present beef-eater's habit, while the more youthful part wore that which on the stage is called the Spanish dress. "The women under Charles VI. wore sugar-loaf bonnets, and under Francis II. the men supposed that a protuberance of belly was majestic; and the women that large hips produced the same effect; false hips and bellies were accordingly worn, and this ridiculous mode continued three or four hundred years. The women too, as if careless of the beauty of the countenance, began to wear masks in the streets, public walks, and even at church. To masks succeeded patches; which it is said, they wore in so great a number that it was difficult to know the face."

FINERY OF A FRENCH WAITER.

Passing one day near *la Place Vendôme*, he was much amused by a group of waiters; two of them not very clean and in their common apparel, the third loaded with empty dishes and dressed in an embroidered coat and waistcoat; the coat of faded green silk, and the waistcoat faded dirty yellow. Both were buttoned over his apron, both were worn with the complaisance of self admiration, and in the same spirit both were gazed at and surveyed with continued repetition by his companions. Instead of laughing at his ludicrous appearance, they were inquiring with regret by what good fortune he had obtained such a prize. A London waiter, so equipped would scarcely survive the ridicule of his companions; he must change his place to escape their jokes.

Mr. Holcroft makes the following observations on the dresses of the Parisians: The dress of the common people of London

is more uniform than that of the Parisians; the very lowest of them indeed generally wear coarse jackets; some with hats, some with woollen night-caps, and others without either; the breeches knees frequently unbuttoned; in winter and dirty weather, wooden shoes and stockings, or not, as it may happen. Those who can procure such, wear the straight coat, almost as low as the ancles, which they call *redingote*, meaning to say riding coat, that dangles in the dirt; with pantaloons, and some of them huge cocked hats; a dirty coarse red and white handkerchief for a cravat, without much attention to brushing, washing, or manner of putting on. The eye is still more offended by the general appearance of the women; among the poor the jacket and petticoat of striped stuff, were it clean and neatly worn, would be as pleasing to the eye as it is convenient for action; but dirty, hung loosely on, without apron or hat, as it is incessantly seen at Paris, it seems only to be the accompaniment of wretchedness.

The slovenly large mob cap is still a favourite among the lower orders, and the caps of the higher are generally hung on in a loose and far from neat manner, though they are often made of costly lace. The *fishû* or neck handkerchief is worn as an undress, but with a coquetry diligent to appear careless, while it discovers a part of the bosom.

Trains were much the mode, and to let them sweep and gather the dirt was one of the affected airs of superiority. A gentleman just returned from his travels said to his friend—"Have you never seen a man in green breeches, with brown stockings and red clocks?" "No, Sir." "Nor a woman in pink slippers, her stockings black and the clocks yellow?" "No, Sir." "Men wearing ear-rings and women carrying ridicules?"—"I do not know what you mean." "Why then you have never been at *la Ville Unique*, the city of fine taste, Paris."

A French lady's ridicule in form resembles an Englishwoman's work bag, into which *la dame Françoise* puts her handkerchief, or what else she may happen to want, and carries it wherever she may happen to go.

REMARKS ON THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Holcroft observes the influence of law is little: the multitude are ignorant even of their existence: but the influence of opinion and of the approbation and the censure founded upon opinion is unlimited. A Buonaparte may idly dream that he governs; while in the next apartment his servants are making him their sport. He may spread the mischief of armies sent forth to destruction; he may cause fire, sword, and famine to ravage

the earth; yet there is not a parish in France in which some old woman's tongue is more potent than he.

This serious truth our author heard exemplified in a remarkable and certainly instructive manner.

He and his family were on a visit in the vicinity of *Vaucresson*, a village about a league from *Saint Cloud*. The First Consul was then at *Mal-maison*, and it happened to be at the period when, as it was pretended, the consulship for life was put to the vote through all France. He and a friend had taken a walk after dinner to see a hunting-box that had formerly been royal, and is now become consular, in which various alterations were making; the *fleurs de lys* had long been demolished; and to these the chace of the stag was substituted. Meeting with an old woman, they began to question her concerning this building, to which she could only reply in French, that General Buonaparte had seized upon it.

As they found she resided in the same parish with the General, they led her to converse on her potent neighbour, and the substance of her loquacious discourse was "that she had been robbed of her sons, who were taken as conscripts; that she had lived poor, and must die poor; that the Revolution had done no good, as it was evident, since the price of bread was so high; and that the General had summoned all the people in the commune to vote that he should be Consul for life, but that they had every one refused. Had he taken care to keep bread cheap, it would have been very different; for then every body would have been willing that he should be Consul for life."

There was much information in what might appear to be only babbling! This old woman was but the echo of the opinions of the neighbourhood: she might be called an impression of the parish seal.

NURSING.

The practice of foster-nursing is so general, and the demand for nurses so great, that a *bureau*, or office has long been established and still exists; at which nurses, and people wanting nurses are to apply. This office, like all others, was and is under the regulation of government.—The mischiefs inflicted by governments, in the pretended reform of manners and morals, are pernicious in proportion as they have a plausible countenance; for, by being beyond the detection of the vulgar, they become permanent.

Mr. Holcroft wishes men deeply to reflect on the consequences of a monopolizing and arrogant, yet imbecile system of pretended superintendance, in whatever relates to morals and

manners. He thinks the benefit would be great indeed, if some one every way qualified, would pursue the research.

He happened to pass this *bureau* at a time when the nurses were attending. He confesses himself unable to convey an adequate idea to the reader of their heterogeneous appearance, or the coarseness, the ignorance, the vulgarity, and the stupidity that characterized the countenances of the greatest number. He adds, it is not wonderful that the number of the deformed is very great in Paris.

He counted twelve people deformed in the spine as he walked from *le Pont-au-Change*, when the poor were passing in great numbers, within a distance of two hundred yards. And the number of the crooked is still far less at Paris than in many of the cities of Germany, the respective population of each being estimated. On a fine Sunday, when the people flocked from home to take their pleasure, from the *Katherinen Strasse* in Hamburgh, down the rope-walk that leads to Altona, he counted fifty persons deformed in the spine in fifty minutes.

Of the share which nursing has in producing such calamities, an accurate estimate cannot be made; but there can be little doubt that it is great.

From a long dissertation upon nursing and nursing anecdotes, we select the following. A female infant was put to nurse in the country; and occasional visits were paid by her parents, that they might be satisfied she was properly treated. On one of these visits the father entered the cottage, unseen by the nurse, and the first object that presented itself to his eyes was his child sucking a goat, which had placed itself in such a manner, and stood so patiently as to convince him the practice was common.

The rage of the father was almost ungovernable; however, after relating what had happened, and consulting on the health and welfare of the child, he was seriously advised by medical people not to change the milk. With the lady who in infancy was thus fed, Mr. Holcroft was intimately acquainted.

INFANTILE EDUCATION.

It is no uncommon thing in French families, when reproving children, to frighten them by saying they shall be sent away, for that children so naughty must certainly have been changed at nurse. A family of young French ladies in our author's hearing, described the painful sensations they had experienced when so threatened, and the consolation of each other when alone, by embracing and protesting, that they were and ever would be sisters. Of the various modes and degrees of punishment to which children are subject, how few are there that are not, in their nature and effects, vicious, excessive, and dangerous! It is

to be observed, that children were frequently bought by nurses, whose nurse-children died, to replace the latter and impose upon families.

When brought from nurse, the second education of the child commenced. It had acquired a country dialect, a rude peasant-like behaviour, and many other habits, all of which the parents were impatient to see corrected. Children in Paris cannot too early be taught to mimic men and women.

In 1783, the first time our author saw such practices, he stood in amazement, while a child of five years old had her hair frizzed, powdered, and pomatumed, in all the absurdity of the prevailing fashion; that is, busked out on each side, with a toupee as high as could be raised. This operation ended, she then had a gown put on, such as was the mode, and in her whole dress and appearance was made to resemble a woman. Encumbered by all the woman's dress, she was taught themockery of all the women's airs, till to consider the poor little thing became equally painful and pitiable.

This was the general custom:—The hair-dresser and taylor were equally busy with every boy, and little master walked abroad with his mamma, caparisoned in a bag, sword, and solitaire*.

MENTAL CULTURE OF CHILDREN.

The French proceeded in a similar manner with the minds of the children: to wait for the progress of the understanding was beyond their patience. In every wealthy and noble family an abbè was the tutor: while the tradesman's child was taught by some ape of these abbès. Lessons were parroted over at stated times, till the pupil could repeat a string of questions, beginning with the creation of the world, and ending perhaps with the coronation of the reigning king. By repetition, reply became easy, and the learning of young master excited the astonishment of young mamma. She had been taught in the same way, and had much the same stock of knowledge.

Those seminaries Mr. Holcroft observes are destroyed; and the attempt to re-establish some feeble imitation of them will because it is so feeble, prove futile. The former teachers are banished and dispersed, or dead; the present race of priests is old; and as there is little temptation to youth by the hopes of rich benefices, or the attainment of high office and church dignity, so

* Mr. Holcroft was informed by a literary gentleman, a class of persons in Paris generally familiar with such anecdotes, that Lewis XVI., immediately after birth, was clothed in royal robes and had a coronet placed on his head, accompanied by the insignia of the most Christian king; after which he was seated to receive homage from the different orders of the state.

likewise is there little propensity in the rising generation of France to the clerical profession. The army has stimulants now, that are much more active; being so pernicious, it is the misery of man that they are so powerful.

The habits of ages are not to be eradicated by the throes of a revolution; that earthquake in morals, which, while it sinks one mountain of abuses, casts up another.

REFORMATION OF DRESS OF CHILDREN.

In dress there is indeed a general reform, as well in the child as the man: it approaches toward common sense.

The children in Paris continue to exhibit the caprices of their parents; one is dressed *à l'Anglois*; another *à la Mameluc*; and a third *à la Housard*; that is, are tricked out in various whimsical manners, on which they bestow various whimsical names.

Girls too are frequently dressed in boys' clothes. In moral education our author did not discover an equal degree of improvement; there certainly is a progress, but ancient habits still prevail, the system of parroting is still maintained.

His wife's father came one day, with great indignation to inform him, he had just seen a frightened child of six years old, who was punished by her tutoress, because being asked, What is God? she could not answer. "It is astonishing," said her half enraged teacher, "that the little hussy can be so stupid! so often as she has had God explained to her, and been told what answer to make!"

Mr. Holcroft proceeds to show the impropriety of tormenting the memories of youth, by forcing upon them a farrago of metaphysical questions, some of which, all men are obliged to confess they never can comprehend. By the repetition of these questions, many of the French are plausible in conversation, while their stock, not of learning, but of ignorance is extreme.

IGNORANCE OF THE LOWER CLASSES.

Of the general ignorance which prevails through the lower classes of the French, the proofs are abundant. Among the documents published by Buonaparte, to demonstrate that he was absolutely chosen by the people Consul for life, was the strangely ludicrous one of a regiment, that not being able to sign their names had set their mark.

Before the revolution, two hundred porters and servants were employed at the treasury office, of whom it was absolutely required, that they should not understand how to read. There was no difficulty of finding such persons.

ORIGIN OF THE LYCEUM.

Most people have heard or read of *Lyceé*; a speculative establishment, near the *Palais-Royal*, where lectures were delivered by *Curier*, on Natural History. This establishment by having gained a certain reputation, suggested the word *Lycée* to government. It is decreed that there shall at least be one *Lycée* or *Lyceum par arrondissement* or district, to each tribunal of appeal; and that the ancient languages, rhetoric, logic, ethics, the mathematical and physical sciences, drawing, military exercises, and *les arts d'agrément** shall there be taught.

The *Lyceums*, twelve in number, are established at the chief cities of France, Paris excepted, and over each *Lyceum*, three officers *all appointed by the First Consul*. *L'École Polytechnique* is at Paris, and under the authority of the Minister of the Interior, at present *Chaptal*. It is the creature of government, for the education of youth to serve its own purposes, and especially as engineers. The number of students is three hundred, who according to the regulations, are to be admitted by concurrence or election, but many of whom are placed there by *Buonaparte*, who can also, with the same ease displace. It is said that during the heat of the war against *Toussaint Louverture*, all the sons of negro race were sent from the Polytechnic school.

This school is kept in the *Place du Palais du Corps Legislatif*, and among other eminent teachers are the names of *Monge*, *Le Brun*, *Fourcroy*, and *Berthollet*.

MILITARY SCHOOLS.

Under the Minister of War are eight schools of artillery; there are besides the school of bridges and roads; the practical schools of mining; the school of marine engineers; and the schools of navigation. All these are under the inspection of, and maintained by government. Our author considers them as so many hot-beds for national quarrels and future wars.

ON THE CHANGE OF MANNERS IN FRANCE.

Mr. Holcroft is of opinion, that a decisive change of manners in France is rapidly taking place. Of this change he met with

* Mr. Holcroft has been told, he knows not how truly, that one of the arts of being agreeable is the polite way of picking a bone, and that there are masters employed in teaching it. He has heard too of a baroness, who daily employed an artist to paint her veins. The art of holding the petticoats when walking is assiduously attended to by the nurse-maid and the governess. He saw a little girl in the street of five or six years old, certainly not more, beaten by the woman that was with her, because she did not hold her petticoats properly. The propriety of this holding consists in exposing one leg as entirely as before described.

several instances. Formerly a Frenchman was seldom sparing of his thanks at receiving the least favour.

He had one day obtained a ticket to see the parade from the windows of the palace of the Thuilleries; it would admit two, and not meeting the friend that was to have gone with him, he asked a stranger, a French youth of genteel appearance, who was among the spectators in *La Place du Caroussel*, if he would accompany him. He instantly complied, but without the least word to denote a favour done him; and when he had entered the palace, he quitted our author without making an apology.

That the vulgar of Paris through every class, instead of being so habitually polite as they are by some supposed and reported to be, are coarse in their manners, rude in their expressions, and often insolent in their behaviour, our author saw numberless and some very unpleasant proofs.

Accident has given me, says he, what may be esteemed a comparative test of politeness. Being short-sighted, I began to wear spectacles nearly thirty years ago, when the custom of walking the streets in them was scarcely introduced; not only the common people of every country, but the well bred at that time, deemed it a singularity; and a mark rather of the coxcomb than the man of sense.

The English populace when I passed, would call me Mr. Four-eyes, but I never met a greater instance of rudeness than this; whereas in Paris the first time I went there, *Voilà les quatre yeux* was much more frequently repeated, and with an air of greater rudeness and contempt.

One day a youth who was nearly a man, tolerably dressed, therefore not of the lowest order, suddenly darted his fingers almost to my face, uttering the same exclamation!

In Hamburgh the rudeness of the people was still greater. A man one day assaulted me in *platt Deutch*, with all his insolent and gross wit, to the great diversion of some paviors, whose idle mode of working had drawn my attention. I more than pitied the paviors, for the sluggish and aukward manner in which they kneeled and performed their work, and they joined their companion in deriding me with an uncommon degree of scorn.

During the last residence at Paris, he does not recollect to have encountered a single instance of unprovoked insult. In the year 1783, he was twice attacked in the grossest language without any irritating word, look, or gesture on his part, and both times, even when in the company of Frenchmen. His offences were, he was an Englishman, was dressed like an Englishman, and wore spectacles. Nothing could be more abusive than the language the assailants on both occasions used.

BEHAVIOUR AT THE THEATRE.

The behaviour of the Parisians at the theatre is altogether remarkable; it is the very place at which they pretend publicly to enforce the strict rules of decorum: while by the execution of their own laws, they are guilty of the excess of rudeness. Our author and his wife were present one evening, when there was a quarrel concerning a seat in the upper boxes, between an old man and woman, both decent in their dress and appearance, in the course of which they came to give blows, the man struck first, and the insult was returned, and several times repeated, till the police, that is to say, a soldier interfered.

It must be observed, however, that the audience expressed great indignation against the man, and would not suffer him in their sight; it must, continues our author, also be remarked, that a blow with the fist injures only because it insults; I never in France saw a mark that it had left.

FREQUENCY OF ASSASSINATION AT PARIS.

There is a place in Paris little known to foreigners, and become so familiar to the natives as to be little noticed, called *la Morgue*: its dimensions are small, its situation is a gateway, nearly opposite *le Pont au Change*, and beside where the prison called *le Grand Châtelet* stood. It has a door with an iron grating, through which persons may look, who are brought there by curiosity, or by the sudden absence of their friends or relations, for which they cannot account.

In this dark chamber, or rather hole, there is often to be seen one, two, or it may be more, dead bodies. To obtain authentic information on this subject, Mr. Holcroft applied to a man, who told him he could easily procure an exact state of the numbers from the *conciérge* or keeper of the cell, at the cheap expence of a bottle of wine. He was accordingly employed, and assured him, the *conciérge* had let him see his book, and that in the year VIII. a hundred and thirty dead bodies had been brought, twelve of whom had been assassinated; and in the year IX. a hundred and ninety, eleven of them assassinated.

Knowing this man to be wholly void of principle, our author placed but little confidence in his information; but a gentleman on whose honour he could depend, and who was once high in office under the Minister of Police, told him, that within the last ten months, there had been a hundred and ninety-three suicides in the departments, and about the same number in the metropolis; that upwards of seven hundred murders had been committed within the same period of time: that effects to the value or about a million of livres, little short of forty-two thousand pounds sterling, had been stolen, and nearly the same loss sus-

tained by fire, that is, in the departments. Including all France, he estimated the number of suicides, at from two to three per day, or five in two days.

It was with difficulty, that is, he was obliged to send a voucher with the servant, that he obtained *aquafortis*, of which he was in want, from the apothecary's shop. Suicide has been so frequent, that the strictest injunctions are issued not to sell any drugs that can give sudden death.

The number of suicides that really happen, must far exceed those that are actually known. The bodies exposed at *la Morgue* are most of them brought from *Saint Cloud*, the distance of which by water must be above three, perhaps four miles. At the bridge of *Saint Cloud* the fishermen nightly spread their nets, and in the morning with the fish, these bodies are drawn up. But the nets are only suffered to be down a certain number of hours, certainly not upon an average half the day. Hence, by the most moderate calculation, the number of bodies that escape the nets must at least equal the number of those that are caught. Our author was told, that government had then lately refused the accustomed fee to the fishermen for each corpse they brought, and that they would not continue to drag up the dead bodies, affirming that the money they had before received, was insufficient to pay the damage their nets had sustained.

NATURAL DISPOSITION OF THE FRENCH.

Our author asserts it as a truth, that the French are good tempered, and have that high flow of spirits, which in the social circle, excites others as well as themselves to hilarity. The quick feelings of the people incline them to petulance, but it is the flash of forgetfulness, and seldom the heat of anger. They appear to be the most versatile of people, yet it may be doubted if their customs and manners have not endured as little comparative alteration as those of any other European states.

MENDICITY.

Speaking of beggars, our author observes, that the number of this noxious though most unfortunate class of beings, is much greater in France than in England; and from what he has seen and been told, is still more numerous in the villages and country towns than in Paris. Mr. Holcroft was one day accosted by an old woman, with a countenance that bespoke something of a determined character, but whom he immediately knew to be a beggar. She gave him a lesson: their short dialogue began nearly as follows: "Will you do me the honour to listen to me a moment?" "Excuse me, madam, I am in haste." "Only for a moment, sir." "I can have nothing to say to you ma-

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L

dam.' "Sir, a poor unfortunate woman has requested you would listen to her for a single moment, and you have refused; but know the wretch who is sunk in poverty, has a right to be respected." She then turned away with the indignant air of having been herself offended, strengthened by a sense of his inhumanity.

There was a remarkable boy, less than fourteen years of age, who appeared to be his own master, and who usually begged in the *Boulevards*; he had neither legs nor thighs, and but one arm, and carried a little cap in his hand, in which he received alms. Instead of feeling misery from his situation, his countenance was lively, and forgetful of his trade, except when his eye caught a passenger whom he hoped would give; he was most frequently at play with other boys, and moved himself about in a manner to excite admiration.

HIRING OF FURNITURE.

Among other customs of expediency or making shift, is that of hiring furniture, and it is done even in trifling articles. A boy in the neighbourhood where our author lodged, purchased a large washing tub, and made that a part of his livelihood. A woman had hired it without first asking what she must pay; the boy taking advantage of this neglect, made too large a demand, and payment was disputed. The woman said to him: "I can have a washer-woman for the same money." "And do you think, madam, that my tub is not worth as much as a woman? My tub brings me thirty crowns a year; find me a woman that will bring me as much."

ON THE PLACES OF WORSHIP.

There are now in Paris, twelve parochial churches, one for each municipality, and twenty-seven chapels of ease, for the catholic worship. Three chapels are allowed for the protestants; the total for catholic and protestant, is forty-two; at present there is no other place of religious worship in Paris.

These churches are but thinly attended; you seldom can enter them, but a few scattered beings are seen, kneeling round this or that petty side altar; much the greater number of them old women; the young of either sex are seldom there, except attracted by some ceremony or church festival. Few of the officiating priests are young men. The old are much more numerous than the middle-aged; and seminaries for the new generations of priests scarcely exist; yet the adherents of bigotry have not lost all hope, even from the aid of miracles. At the distance of about four miles from Paris, is a village on a hill, popularly known by the name of Mount Calvary, so called, because

the monks formerly had invited the Parisians to go there in solemn procession. In the days of revolutionary inquiry, Mount Calvary and its processions became so much the sport of infidels, that devotion could not be roused to brave such mockery. The professors of religion were unwilling eternally to relinquish the sale of plenary indulgences, as these were the sources of revenue. The hill called *Montmartre*, is almost as steep as that called *Mont Calvaire*, and has the advantage of being very near to Paris. One hill was as fit for the piety of such pilgrims as another, and those whose zeal was not warm enough to support them during a journey of four or five miles, might possibly be equal to the fatigue of twice as many hundred yards.

CLERICAL ARTIFICES.

A large posting-bill was published by the priests, which announced that *Mount Calvaire* was removed to *Montmartre*. Our author adds, the bull excited laughter, the artifice a sigh.

After the publication of the *Concordat*, when the embodied clergy again began to feel collective strength, a wish to return to Mount Calvary was conceived, and hopes to accomplish it were inspired. The means, however, were of the old leaven.

A poor woman who hawked eggs or something, from the neighbourhood of *Mont Calvaire*, fell into conversation with our author's wife, and informed her, with every token of faith in amazement, that a body had been dug up on that mountain, which was as fresh in appearance as the very day in which it had died; that, previous to its having been buried, it had been opened, and again sewed up, as the stitches still to be seen proved, which were as if just taken; that the winding sheet itself was in the same wonderful state, a slight yellow tinge excepted; and that crowds were resorting thither, to beg that they might be permitted to possess a morsel of this miraculous sheet, while the poorest of the people were subscribing their *sous* and *six liard* pieces, that the pilgrimage to *Mont Calvaire* might be re-established, it being thus recently and uncontrovertibly proved to be a holy place.

The promulgation of the *Concordat* created a violent schism between the clergy who conformed, and those who determined to remain sternly catholic. One day, passing through the church of *Saint Roch*, Mr. Holcroft saw the boys who assist at high mass, busied in breaking large baskets full of wax candles that had been destined for the use of the church. These candles were broken for no other reason but because they had received benedictions from the expelled priests, who had prophanely taken the oaths prescribed by the Directory. Not only wax tapers, but the churches themselves were held to be impure, and

were re-consecrated by the orthodox priests of Pius VII. and Buonaparte.

The most extraordinary act of this kind, and one which breathes the very spirit of these priests, was the following. They not only poured the holy water, says our traveller, into the gutters, but took the consecrated wafers, their god, or their multiplied gods, which every parish employs a baker to make for them, and in their indignation cast these gods to the dogs, that others not prophaned by the muttered conjurations of their predecessors, but blessed and sanctified by their own breath, might be eaten by them. Who can wonder that such a religion is a sieve that will let any politics pass?

Mr. Holcroft, towards the conclusion of his interesting work has introduced a variety of anecdotes and remarks, to illustrate the character of the Usurper of the throne of France: they tend to shew what no reflecting person for several years past could have entertained a doubt of, namely, that he is as vain, cruel, deceitful, and blood-thirsty a tyrant as any whose atrocities have stained the page of history. They also clearly prove that he is detested by the very slaves who crouch beneath his yoke of iron. During the time of Mr. H's residence in Paris, he scarcely ever heard his name mentioned; and it is a fact that from the time when the attempt was made upon him by the infernal machine, he has never had any confidence except in his guards.

Mr. Holcroft and his family returned to England in the month of September.—The copious analysis which we have given of his work must prove how actively his mind was employed during his excursion. He has shewn himself an attentive, and we must say an impartial observer of men and manners, and the travels in question afford an additional and very considerable proof of his abilities as an author. The work is published with all the splendour which it can derive from the refined state of printing, and the engravings alone are intrinsically worth the money for which it is sold.

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General Directions to the Binder.

THE majority of the purchasers of this Work will doubtless prefer binding the several Numbers of the present Volume together, in preference to separating the Travels which they contain. The Binder must therefore attend to the following directions:—The sheets of each work of Travels, on being separated from the Numbers, are to be arranged according to their respective signatures, and incorporated into a volume, in the following order:

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| 1. OLAFSEN AND POVELSEN. | 3. GLEANINGS OF A WANDERER. |
| 2. ST. VINCENT. | 4. HOLCROFT. |



